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A Miniature & dition.

Mr. Sazmonove inquiry, through the

O one can doubt that a livelier attention and a generally quickened intellectual interest is being given to all matters growing out of the musical life. The position taken by the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC in meeting the demand for a musical literature, appealing alike to the artiste and the home circle, has called forth a wide support. Our table bears communications from lovers of music throughout the United Kingdom, those engaged in social culture, and from Englishmen living in the many different countries in which our race is domiciled. The letters come with expressions of commendation, gratitude, and encouragement, revealing the insight into truth encouragement, reveating the using the into truth evinced by Beethoven's declaration that "Art is a bond that unites the world." Federation through music may be a visionary idea; none the less cultured musicians, though of different race and language, have in its inspired medium a common meeting ground and bond of union.

The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC is not the organ of a class or of any particular section of the musical world: it represents music culture and the widespread love of music in humanity. In response to numerous suggestions for making our publication more widely known, we have issued a penny MINIATURE EDITION, containing in seventy-two attractive and skilfully printed pages a complete reproduction of the September issue, eight portraits of leading musicians, twenty pages of miniature music, and an original story by F. R. Stockton. The illustrations are produced in the highest style of art, the type and music is clear and readable. A magaazine has been likened to an oak slowly growing through storm and sunshine, and yearly in-creasing in strength. Light and air develop the life of the young tree, and we hope that this MINIATURE EDITION will assist our friends in giving light and air to the MAGAZINF, thus enlarging the confraternity of readers, and extending its power and the sphere of its cultivating influence.

• Thirteen copies of the Miniature Edition (which is unique in conception and a beautiful specimen of the printing art) sent post free for 1s. Address, Business Manager, MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, care of William Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Order the Penny Edition through your bookseller.

Staccato.

EVERYBODY is still talking about Liszt. We are now waiting for the promised publication of a posthumous Pianoforte School, which is to be edited by his biographer, Mme. Ramann. A Liszt Pianoforte School exists already in his pupils, but it is well that the experience of a life devoted to the pianoforte should be given to the world in this

THE new Pianoforte School will show no royal oad to learning. Liszt was always a preacher of the virtue and necessity of hard work. It will interest our young readers to know that to the last he devoted an hour or two every morning to the troniciam on estator lad som

Ir is said that Lisat had a book before him when he practised scales, improving his mind, to use his own words, while he strengthened his fingers. And it is, no doubt, possible that the practice of scales may become so purely mechanical as to leave the attention free for other purposes. List seems to have taken the idea from the gustage of memory. to have taken the idea from the custom of women reading while knitting.

In our contemporary, Le Ménestrel, an auecdote is told which-illustrates Liszt's characteristic generosity. When Liszt was in England in 1842, his agent Lavenu lost heavily on his provincial tour. How many men in this position would have acted as Liszt did in muking good the loss by returning his fees?

Ir makes one's mouth water, or rather his ears tingle, to read in the Continental papers the accounts of the commencement of the opera se in every capital, nay, every second-rate or thirdrate town of Europe except in the Land of Fog. In Italy new operas are announced by the score, among them "Otello" by the veteran Verdi, which is to be produced at La Scala in Milan in February next. Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, Frankfort, Dresden, Hanover, Moscow, and Stockholm will produce a stream of grand operas, old and new, during the coming winter; but what have we to show in England? The Continental papers kindly chronicle the production of "Dorothy mediocre comic opera, at the Gaiety, and "Indiana," the work of a Frenchman, at the Comedy Theatre in Manchester.

WE have three fine opera houses in London— Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's. Drury Lane is occupied with "A Run of Luck," a sporting drama which has been enormously successful, because unmistakable horses can be seen running past an unmistakable winning-post at Goodwood. The magnificent stage of Covent Garden is given up to American Bars for the benefit of those who frequent the Promenade Concerts. Her Majesty's has been closed for six months, and there is a rumour that it is going to be purchased by a well-known religious denomination for a Conference Hall,

The truth is that opera in England has been ruined by our wealth. Adelina Patti is to receive £2280 for five concerts in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Dublin, from October 27 to November 5, before she sails for America. The English public will have its "Diva," but opera is necessarily too expensive to stand such exorbitant and unit whenty tone

THEY arrange it better in Berlin. They aim not at phenomenal excellence in one artiste, but at a creditable tout ensemble, which is at once more economical and more artistic.

Some interesting details have just been published as to the cost of the Imperial Opera in Berlin, which seems to have a permanent establishment like our Government offices. Most of the artistes, from the prima donna down to the humblest chorister, hold appointments for life, with the prospect of a pension when they have become unfit

for service. The prima donna, Mme. Sachse-Hofmeister, receives £1600 per annum, for which she is expected to appear at sixty-five performances. Another soprano, Mme. von Voggenhuber, has a salary of £900, while the principal baritone (Betz) enjoys an income of £7950. The choristers receive from £45 to £90, the instrumentalists commence at a salary of £117, and the stage manager, the conductor, and the general manager are paid respectively at the rate of £500, £600, and £900 per annum. The celebrated bass Fricks has recently retired, after thirty years' service, with a pension of £400.

Or course, under this system, an artiste sometimes persists in remaining on the stage after the time has arrived for a pension, but it has the advantage that the artistes through long association become thoroughly en support with each other. We need only take D'Oyly Carte's company at the Savoy, which has been practically unchanged for about ten years, and compare it with some scratch company, in order to realize how great is this advantage. great is this advantage.

A good joke from St. Gall, where the Swiss have had their national festival, like the Welsh Eisteddfod. The Zürich Male Choir was appointed to commence the competition at 7.0 a.m.; the piece they had selected happened to be "Good

What are they coming to in Paris ? A comic opera has just been produced with great success at the Théatre des Nouveautés, the subject of which is-" Adam and Eve"!

But are we much better here? Is it anything short of a seandal that Mr. W. Freeman Thomas should have provided us at Covent Garden with "The Messiah" in combination with American drinks? The reports of the unseemly behaviour of certain members of the audience are, no doubt, exaggerated, but it must surely be obvious that "gin-cocktail" and "brandy-smash" hardly form a suitable accompaniment to the strains of "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

ow Francy and the bar

Many persons assume sacred works should not be produced in a theatre; on the other hand, performances of oratories in cathedrals have again and again been objected to. At Covent Garden it is the accompaniments that are out of place. Were the Bars closed the whole of the evening when oratories are given, we should be inclined to welcome this further popularization of good music.

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WITH this exception the performances at Covent Garden have been everything that could be desired. The English Classical Night, on September 29, was quite a treat. Everything was guaranteed to be of home manufacture, and many of the composers appeared in person. It is gratifying that, what with Balfe and Sterndale Beanett, Sullivan and Macfarren, F. H. Cowen, Ebenezer Prout, and Henry Gadsby, we can make up so good a programme. There was a fine Old Euglish flavour about some of the work, notably Sullivan's music to "Henry VIII." which seemed to take us back to

the days of "Merrie England," before Puritanism had robbed us of our position as the first musical nation in Europe.

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The Promenade Concerts are a capital antidote to the plague of Music Halls with which London is afflicted. Another is, we think, found in the institution of Smoking Concerts, which afford opportunity at once for innocent social recreation and for the cultivation of musical taste. There is a freedom, a sans gêne about these smoking concerts which exactly suits a high-spirited young fellow, and were there more such with their Glee Choirs, some of the fifty music halls of London might soon have to close their doors.

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Another invention from America. This time it is a musical bicycle, entitled the "Melocipede." It is a pity this was not invented in the time of poor Goldsmith, who could then, in his journey through Europe, have combined swift means of locomotion with a strict attention to business. Will it be possible to shut off the music when the bicycle is going up hill? If not, it will be rather lugubrious to hear "See-Saw" ground out several degrees slower than the Dead March in "Saul." Query: Will the invention be taken up by the German bands?

The ancient Roman lituus and the buccina are now more than academical ideas. They can be seen and heard in "Cupid," the latest Alhambra ballet. They are long tubes, so thin as to look like "dummies," but the noise they produce is absolutely deafening. If the bands in Agricola's legions were supplied with litui and buccinæ it is no wonder that the legionaries were more than a match even for the ancient Caledonians with their bagpines.

* * *

Many instruments anciently in use have now fallen into desuctude, others have been improved and transmogrified, while many additions may be counted. One, for instance—a multum in parvo indeed—is about to be introduced to a Parisian audience during the coming winter which will, if successful, do away with half an orchestra.

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THE inventor, M. de Gromard, a gentleman living at Eu, chooses for the name of his instrument, the cacilium. It is about the size of an ordinary violoncello, and outwardly it resembles the mandoline, but internally it seems to be constructed after the style of the harmonium. The effects of the instrument when played are said to embrace those of a bassoon, clarionet, and violoncello! This wonderful invention boasts of ninety-three keys, operated on by the player's left hand, while the right hand is occupied in working the bellows by means of a bow. Should the trial prove successful, we may expect to find, in a short time, that an orchestra will comprise only a couple of caciliums and a brazen instrument or two, and the band will be complete.

A Russian prima donna, Nadina Bulicioff, in an Italian opera company at Rio de Janeiro, has invented a new sensation by devoting the proceeds of her benefit to the liberation of five slaves. During the representation of "Aïda," the slaves came on the stage and received their liberty from the hands of their benefactress amidst thunders of applause. This throws benefits for the relief of the unemployed entirely into the shade.

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It is thirteen years since "Aïda," Verdi's last opera, was produced, but the veteran is in the field again with "Otello." It is to be hoped that "Otello" will not fall short of the standard of "Aïda," which is incomparably Verdi's finest work, but as to this the old man of seventy-three is said to be somewhat anxious. Verdi has for some time been devoting himself more to farming than to music, but we may hope that his last effort will not be unworthy of his genius.

We think the young "mashers" who present bouquets to our prima donnas are sometimes unnecessarily enthusiastic; but they are hardly likely to reach the pitch of enthusiasm shown by Signor Giovanni Fiore at Piacenza, who, at the close of a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor," came into the green-room, and, after being honoured with a few words from Signora Brambilla, remarked that his object in life had now been fulfilled, put a pistol to his forehead, and blew his brains out.

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The opening concert of the winter season at the Crystal Palace took place on October 16, and almost the first notes of "Les Naïades," Sterndale Bennett's exquisite overture, showed that the playing of the band under Mr. Mann's bâton possessed all the qualities of skill and faultless ensemble shown in the past. The programme, if we except some clever ballet music from Massanet's "Le Cid," played for the first time, contained nothing new, but with Schumann's glorious pianoforte concerto, excellently rendered by Miss Fanny Davies, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, it was interesting in a very high degree.

* * *

Miss Ella Russell, the American soprano who gained so much favour at Covent Garden this summer, was the vocalist, and though her selection of "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," and Proch's "Air with Variations," could hardly be called a happy one, her efforts were followed by unusually hearty applause. But the band were somewhat to be pitied when, in response to an encore, she started "Home, Sweet Home," leaving them to improvise an accompaniment as best they could. And the effect can hardly be said to have been quite satisfactory.

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WE have received from Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace Concerts, a pamphlet giving a list of the principal instrumental and choral works performed at the Saturday Concerts during the thirty-one years since October 1855. The record is one of which Mr. Manns may well be proud. No less than 167 symphonies and works of symphonic dimensions; 479 overtures, marches, &c.; 382 concertos, fantasias, and other compositions for various instruments; and 132 oratorios, masses, cantatas, and other choral works, represent an almost unique record, at least for this country.

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MR. Manns, alluding to frequent applications for scores of works performed at the Crystal Palace, on the part of other conductors abroad, mentions a curious fact. A request came from Vienna for the score of one of Schubert's MS. symphonies; and yet Vienna was the city where Schubert spent the greater part of his short life, and died!

* * *

Many of our provincial towns might take example from Auckland, New Zealand. Though less than fifty thousand in population, it boasts of five musical societies, two of which, the Choral and the Philharmonic, says our correspondent (Mr. A. A. Whitethorne), are capable of undertaking the most difficult compositions of the great masters in a thoroughly efficient manner. The Choral Society numbers nearly four hundred voices, and their orchestra contains some hundred and sixty performers.

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The concerts lately given by this society include such works as N. Gade's "Psyche," and "Crusader;" "The Redemption," "Judas Maccabeus," "Elijah," and Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch." This speaks well for the musical culture of our friends in the Southern hemisphere. If the other musical societies in Auckland are anything near the strength of the Choral, one out of every twenty of the population will be engaged in the public exposition of the divine art.

Mr. Snellgrove inquired, through the medium of a largely circulated and somewhat sensational evening paper, why it was that no woman has ever attained celebrity as a musical composer, and a lady took the first opportunity of putting him right on the question. The failure of women as right on the question. The failure of women as musical composers, "M. B. E." attributes almost entirely to the musical education of her sex. Its value she estimates at nothing, and in a great degree she is right, for it is truly remarked that the composition of great musical work requires something more than genius, and that something mothers are seldom able to afford. It is beyond their means to provide their daughters with the necessary scientific education. So far we are inclined to agree with the fair correspondent and share her chagrin, though she seems to make a mistake when she adds that "the male monopolists closed the door to women in music as well as in science and painting."

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THOSE newspapers that rely for their popularity on reproducing gems of wit, humour, satire, or good literary style, have become most popular, and serve a distinctive good purpose. One of the States papers is conducted very much on these lines, and in a recent issue, under the heading "Bettering the Originals," there was contained the following information interesting to musicians:-"As an example of the use made of old material in music as well as in literature, it is stated that in Beethoven's 'Moonlight' sonata, there are some forty measures that are almost identical with as many consecutive measures in Bellini's 'Norma.' In a Beethoven duo, for piano and violoncello, there occurs an air that forms the principal theme in Lecocq's 'Girofle-Girofla.' The celebrated 'Pil-grims' Chorus,' from Wagner's 'Tunnhäuser,' is founded on a theme taken from an old German comic opera." A more remarkable case of using up old material in this way, is the liberal adoption of Luther's chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," which has been employed largely by such eminent masters as Bach, Purcell, Mozart, and Schubert; and Mendelssohn, in the "Reformation Symphony," makes it the subject of one whole movement.

* * *

EVERY one knows what a musical county Yorkshire is, as exemplified by the Leeds Festival this past month. And the existence of many small societies in various parts, composed of ardent amateurs devoted to the study of vocal and instrumental music, no doubt greatly contributes to this. There was once a clever clarionet player who used to conduct the local practisings, and also, to eke out his income, played dance music at festival gatherings in the winter. One night he had been engaged at one of the latter entertainments, and after having been regaled with the proverbial Yorkshire hospitality in the way of meat and drink, he put his instrument into its case and set off on his way homewards. He had several miles to walk across the fields, but he proceeded in jovial humour, though, truth to tell, his steps were wofully uncertain. At last he came to a stile, and on this he rested for a moment before jumping down into the next field. All at once in the darkness close by him a grumbling "moo-ou" arose from a bull disturbed by his approach. Not recognizing the animal, the musician exclaimed, "That's not A, man! try again!" The "moo-ou-ou" came louder next time. The aggrieved artist could not stand this. "That's not A," he shouted; "listen to me, and I'll show you A!" and out he pulled his clarionet and gave the note, clear and shrill. The next moment he found himself tossed in the air, and then lying on his back on the side of the hedge from which he had come. Stumbling to his feet in the darkness he shook his fist at his unseen foe, and shouted, "You're a strong sort o' chap-you are; but you're no musician!"

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ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

"AGNIFICENT! With you, as Wellington with his army, I could go anywhere, do anything!" exclaimed Henry Smart, about twenty years ago, after conducting a performance of one of his choral works by "The Leeds Madrigal and Motett Society," numbering 250 voices. Yorkshire has long been famed as the champion county for chorus singing, and even small village choirs will give you choruses by Handel with a precision, refinement, and fire utterly unexpected by the casual amateur visitor. It was, therefore, fitting that Yorkshire should have a

of the best local players. The conductor was Sterndale Bennett, himself a native of Yorkshire, and at this Festival was first produced his "May Queen," a beautiful work that has long taken classic rank. The financial results of the Festival were most satisfactory, but for some reason or other the idea of Triennial Festivals, like those at Birmingham and Norwich, was not at first carried out, and we find a gap of sixteen years occurring before the next one took place.

This was in the year 1874, with Sir Michael Costa as conductor, and although the committee were not yet bold enough to issue express commissions for new works, some indications of enterprising policy are to be noticed, for two works previously only once given—"John the Baptist," by Macfarren, at Bristol, and "The Bride of Dunkerron," by Henry Smart, at Birmingham, were heard by an audience to most of

also specially written for and performed at this Festival. In 1883, although Mr. Sullivan was himself prevented by ill-health and his many occupations from writing the cantata which had been commissioned from him, "Sardanapalus," there was no lack of novelties, inasmuch as four important new works were produced. These were Macfarren's oratorio "King David," Raff's oratorio "The End of the World" (the composer died shortly before the first performance), and Alfred Cellier's "Gray's Elegy," and Barnby's "97th Psalm." For divers reasons none of these has attained any lasting popularity, and perhaps the finest of them, Raff's oratorio, has never even been heard in London.

The past Festival has surpassed all its predecessors in interest, and it may even be that the number of new works has been almost too large. There is a tendency at the present day unduly to



INTERIOR LEEDS TOWN HALL.

musical Festival of her own, and the only wonder is that this should have been established so comparatively recently, and that the Festival of the past month is only the sixth of the series.

The story of the Leeds Festival is that of the Leeds Town Hall, and that again can never be separated from a mention of the magnificent organ there, or the master-hand of Dr. Spark, who has so long presided at it. In 1858 the Town Hall was completed, and the new organ (one of the largest in Europe) was, by the exertions of Dr. Spark and his friends, erected at a cost of about £6000. On September 7, the Town Hall was opened by the Queen in person, and the Musical Festival which followed on the three succeeding days was a brilliantly successful inauguration of the building. The principal singers were Mmes. Clara Novello, Piccolomini, Weiss, Alboni, Palmer, Dolby, and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Welbye Cooper, Santley, and others; the band being that of the London Philharmonic Society, reinforced by some whom they must have been complete novelties. The oratorio was quickly recognised as a work of remarkable power and beauty, and its success led to Professor Macfarren being commissioned to write another work on the same scale for the next Festival. This was "Joseph," not so successful as the first one, but still a work of great learning and earnest effort, and at its performance Sir Michael Costa again held the post of conductor.

The year 1880 was remarkable as the one in which an eminent native composer, Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Sullivan, first occupied the conductor's seat (a post of which, pace Dr. Edward Hanslick, he has proved himself a most competent occupant), and at this Festival, Sullivan's "The Martyr of Antioch," the words of which were written by his faithful collaborateur Mr. W. S. Gilbert, first had a hearing, speedily to be acknowledged as one of the most successful and best works of its kind yet produced in this country. Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Building of the Ship," another thoroughly artistic work, was

rush after novelties, and to leave the great masterpieces of the past too little studied. At the same time, the encouragement offered to living composers can hardly be overrated. What would Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, or Berlioz have given for such chances! Whatever contineutal critics may say of the musical obtuseness of the British public, the quick recognition of Dvorák's genius as shown by the appreciation of his chamber music, his symphonies, above all his "Stabat Mater," the performance of his works at our great festivals, and especially the commission for the oratorio "Ludmila," are in the highest creditable to the musical tastes of the British nation. It is not too much to say that, but for the reception his works have had in this country, Dvorák would probably still be an obscure musician living at Prague, of whom, if his name were even by chance mentioned among the most excellent of continental critics or virtuosi, it would be said, "Who is he?"

The Leeds Town Hall, where the Festival was held, is a splendid specimen of the large and vigorous thought of modern times. Dr. William Spark, the organist, has been long and honourably connected with music in Leeds, and as the editor of the Organist's Quarterly Journal his name is known to musicians throughout the world. Many a pilgrimage has been made to the Leeds Town Hall, to listen to his masterly performances on the grand organ. And not only as a performer, but also as a composer of vocal and instrumental works (especially for his own instrument, the organ), and as a writer on music of exceptional ability, is he held in the highest repute. His services to music in Yorkshire can hardly be overrated.

The Hovelties.

UNLIKE some similar events, this Musical Festival which was held in Leeds at the middle of last month, leaves large permanent products behind it. The Cathedral Festivals come and go, and whilst in progress are pleasant enough, but they do comparatively little to enrich the library of modern music; if they help to foster a taste for the best of what would exist without them they serve their purpose. But it is quite otherwise with the meetings held in the great manufacturing centres of Leeds and Birmingham. More and more these are becoming, like Athens of old, institutions whose frequenters spend their time to tell or hear some new thing. It would be interesting to inquire into the effects of this custom upon the interests of high art. Neither on grounds of reason nor experience is it altogether free from criticism. You may contract to have your house built within a year and fairly expect that it will stand true and solid when the time is up. But the divine afflatus is a thing independent of times and seasons, and a commission even of three years may so hamper the composer by its inexorable limitation as to check and spoil the flow of inspiration. Nor is the system conspicuously justified by its results. True, it has been the means of producing a great many works that were highly praised by those who assisted at their birth, but how many have survived even the childhood of a lusty musical composition? Granted that the production of novelties is imperative, if our larger festivals are to continue is there no better way of obtaining them than by a system of close commission? These occasions are becoming for music very much what the summer displays in Burlington House are for the sister art, and though the omen may be thought untimely, the tendency is inevitable. There is no reason for holding festivals in Leeds and Birmingham for the performance of standard works that can constantly be heard without it, rendered with practically as close an approach to perfection and under vastly more convenient circumstances to the majority of the townsfolk. If the festivals were not exhibitions of novelties the interest taken in them, not only by the cosmopolitan musical world but by the locality, would decay, and they would speedily die out. The only question can be as to the method of choosing the novelties. Perhaps it would be worth the while of Festival managers, instead of issuing commissions that cannot be revoked, to try the plan of inviting the tender of competitive scores of works newly composed but unheard, leaving to a committee of experts the selection of those most worthy of performance. However, for better or for worse, it is the system of commissions that is in vogue, and it must be admitted that the Leeds committee did its best to protect itself against the dangerous contingencies of the system by employing only talent of highest reputation. If Dvorák, Sullivan, Mackenzie, and Stanford could not lend lustre to the festival, who should? In the result they have produced works that will be the main topic of musical discussion throughout the winter at least, and which therefore call for independent notice before describing the Festival as an accomplished event.

Dvorák's "St. Ludmila."

The courtesy due to strangers demands our first consideration for the latest remarkable work from the pen of Bohemia's greatest composer. But Dvorák is almost losing his right to be treated as a stranger in this country. A great deal has been written about the shaping force of circumstances in determining the character of his musical utterance: It is true, doubtless, that the ploughshares of early hardship turned deep the native genius of his mind, and brought to acute expression the profoundest feelings of which he was capable. It is also true that his long isolation and his patriotic fervour served to caturate his mind with those characteristics of Bohemian folk-song which do so much to give force and freshness to his music. But it does not seem to have been noticed that his strong Teutonic antipathy has been the means of bringing him into intimate relation with this country. Such, however, is obviously the case. Whether the English are a musical nation or not, this is about the only country outside Germany where serious music such as Dvorák affects is likely to prove popular. Hence we have the Bohemian composer visiting us for three years in succession, and conducting his works in person at our most important festivals; hence, too, we find him writing two of his greatest works for these same English gatherings; and, indeed, so much is he in request in this country that he bids fair to become another Anglicized Handel. In another way Dvorák's patriotic prejudice has left its imprint on his new work. Not only is it an endeavour to meet the English taste for oratorio, but it deals with a subject peculiarly dear to the heart of a good Bohemian. St. Ludmila is the patron saint of that wild land, and is probably as much venerated by Dvorák as St. Patrick is by any Irishman. This must not be forgotten in criticizing the book of the new oratorio. A man does best that in which he is most interested, and it is evident that, whatever may be thought about the story in question according to English ideas, it interested the composer very much. It would have been quite possible to have presented him with a book far superior in literary merit, which would not have drawn from him music nearly as vivid, and after all (pace Wagner) the music is the main thing. At the same time it must be said that "St. Ludmila" is sorely weighted by its libretto.

The story deals with the introduction of Christianity into Bohemia, an event which seems to have been consummated through the person of Ludmila. Originally a devout worshipper of her heathen deities, her spiritual nature is aroused by the appearance in the midst of a religious ceremony of an iconoclastic hermit, who utters enigmatical sayings about the Cross. She finds his cave in the forest, and is no sooner converted by him than the Duke of Bohemia with a huntingparty comes on the scene, and straightway falls in love with the fair proselyte. The hermit, with true ecclesiastical statecraft, urges Ludmila to marry her lover on condition that he accepts her new faith. This the Duke at once agrees to do, and of course his people cannot withstand so conclusive an example. After his death, Ludmila was strangled by some adherents of the old religion, and thus earned her right to be canonized. But obviously such a gruesome ending is beyond even the scope of "programme music," and the oratorio is obliged to stop short with the baptism and marriage of the hermit's illustrious converts. Whatever halo Bohemian patriotism may throw around this episode, it cannot be pronounced at all an interesting story according to insular ideas. The British public does not seem to miss incident

in oratorio so long as the characters are taken from the Bible, but now that the biblical characters are pretty well used up and composers are be. taking themselves to hagiography, we expect something a little more exciting than is given us in the narrative of the very cheap conversion of Bohemia. Want of incident, however, is the least fault of the libretto to "St. Ludmila." What it may be in the original of Jaraslov Vrchlicky we cannot say, but that gentleman's language, being like his name, strange and uncouth, an English version has been obtained, filtered through a German medium. The result is a tissue of absurdities of which the Rev. Mr. Troutbeck cannot be altogether acquitted. It may not have been his fault that the hermit is as much wanting in "sweetness and light" as any unconverted heathen could possibly be, that the prince plays a part which looks very much like dissimulation, and that even Ludmila is nothing stronger than a religious mystic. But really that is no reason why Mr. Troutbeck should give us such nursery rhymes as-

Convinced are we, deny who can, That is the wondrous holy man—

a jingle which is only a sample of a large proportion of his verses.

Enough has been said to show that the book of words is the reverse to a passport to acceptance for the music accompanying it. But to the music it is time to turn, and it will there be found that if the words have not inspired Dvorák, he has inspired them. His oratorio is divided into three parts and comprises no fewer than forty-five numbers, extending over 260 pages of Novello's octavo vocal score. It will presently be urged that undue length is a drawback to the popularity of the work, but first some sketch of its main features is requisite. The scene of the first part is laid in the courtyard of the Castle of Melnik, where Ludmila (who, to the bewilderment of one inexpert in Bohemian tradition, is at first a princess and later "a simple maid"), is about to dedicate a golden statue to the goddess Baba. The priests and the people chant the praises of their deities. This gives the composer opportunity for a series of picturesque choruses, and he seizes upon it with all the force of his rich imagination. primitive religion of the Czecks seems to have been the worship of Nature, and the choruses in question discourse upon the succession of day and night, the progress of the seasons, buds and blossoms and craggy mountains. The oratorio opens in a short orchestral prelude in which wandering chromatic harmonies depict the departure of the night and the break of dawn. important representative theme associated with the word "light" in its physical and moral significance makes its first appearance in the succeeding chorus, and a delicate tracery for the flute indicates "springing dawn."

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Of very different mood is the second chorus, "Blossoms born of teeming springtide." A characteristic orchestral figure, like the snatch of a Bohemian dance tune, and then a series of choral phrases as graceful as anything of Mendelssohn's, make up one of the most genial and charming numbers in the work. This is the first instance of a very notable feature in the oratorio-its eclecticism in regard to style. Dvorák can never lose his individuality and nationalistic idiosyncrasies; but in his latest work he has shown a surprising facility for expressing himself after the manner of those standard composers who are English favourites. In the chorus just mentioned the Bohemian emulates the grace of Mendelssohn elsewhere we shall find him attaining the rustic simplicity of Haydn, and anon the breadth and vigonr of Handel; but let it be understood that the impress of his own distinctive mark is upon everything. Returning to an orderly review of the work—in the third chorus may be noted the first instance of that polyphony which is so delightful a habit of the composer. The fourth chorus— "Triglay, or the Threefold Face," is the first

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of a number of grand and massive constructions, which recall the finger of the giant Saxon.

The choral harmonies are grand and massive in the extreme, but again the characteristic figures of the orchestral parts supply the distinctive mark ofthe composer. Passing over a softer and more rounded chorus, "Hear when we call" (slightly redolent of Mendelssohn), we come to Ludmila's first important solo. It is the air, "I long with childlike longing," and these words exactly convey its temperament. A more simple yet expressive melody was never penned by the old masters. Its naivety and rhythm may endanger a sing-song and commonplace effect in the hands of an inartistic performer, but with proper phrasing the air will always be very sweet, whilst a strongly grounded bass in the accompaniment with the melody reinforced by the muted strings obviates any sense of thinness. Thoroughly Handelian, both in the almost jovial vigour of its leading phrases and in the succeeding fugue, is the chorus,
"The Gods are ever near," whilst the rustic tenor
solo following would fit very well into Haydn's
"Seasons." But now at length, Ivan, the hermit, appears on the scene, and the ritual in praise of Svantovit, Radgost, Baba and other mellifluous deities is disturbed. Ivan carries with him a cross which the people take for an axe, and by its inherent virtue the new golden image is cast to the ground, the bystanders being too much terrified and astonished to attempt interference. It is at this point, perhaps, that Mr. Troutbeck becomes most excruciatingly funny, but his words pass unheeded when one is under the spell of Dvorák's dignified and graphic portrayal of the emotions of his ancestors, to whom this unrebuked sacrilege seemed like the breaking up of all things. succession of choruses cast in a thoroughly dramatic mould is the vehicle used by the composer for this splendid purpose. In the midst of them are solos for Ivan and Ludmila. The former is musically the most distinctive personage in the drama. His vocal phraseology is always marked by great dignity, and the accessories of the brass add a solemnity which moves in him like the halos of the saints in old paintings. His enigmatical and dogmatical declarations about the cross draw from Ludmila what is the greatest air in the work. That prayer, "O grant me in the dust to fall," is widely different from the air just mentioned, and will be understood when it is said that this savours as strongly of Wagner as that of Handel or Haydn. But, again the reader must be warned against inferring any degree of plagiarism. The melody is Dvorák's exclusive property, and a lovely one it is; equally absolute is his claim to the devious melodic thread of the accompaniment and to the cunningly delayed close; it is only the general structure and emotional mood of the air that recalls the composer of "Lohengrin."

The second part deals with the arrival of Ludmila and Duke Borivoj at the hermit's cave, their conversion, and the plighting of their troth. Comparatively speaking, it is the weakest and least interesting portion of the work, and it is here that compression would be an improvement. Although there is a good deal of charming cantilena for Ludmila and Borivog, that sort of thing is not Dvorák's strong point, neither does Ivan's rather gloomy tonality help much to give force to the ensemble of this lengthy scene. The second part opens with a wandering prelude not unlike that to the first part, but now intended to symbolize the tangled depths of the forest through which Ludmila and her attendant Svatava are making their way. Svatava, a contralto, delivers herself of a rather lugubrious air, lamenting the plight into which her mistress's zeal without knowledge has led them. There are dramatic touches in the music when the hermit's cave is suddenly descried and he recognizes his visitant, but the only other number that needs mention previous to the appearance of Borivoj on the scene, is the trio, "The Cross of Christ"—an original piece in the form of

a sort of chorale for the voices, with a figured accompaniment for pizzicato strings. The hunting chorus heard from the distance is distinctly original in its archaic simplicity, but Borivoj's narrative of the healing of a wounded deer by the touch of the hermit, is irrelevant to the drama, and the music is not sufficiently interesting to forbid excision.

When Borivoj catches sight of Ludmila he forgets both his hunt and the miracle, and diplomatically begins to press his suit, through Ivan, who, seeing that this attachment may be turned to the signal profit of his church, consents to the union on condition of the Prince accepting the new faith, which he does with suspicious celerity. The only incident in this part of the music which need be specially noted, is Borivoj's air, "O, guide me in the way,"-beautiful in melody, and rising to an eloquent expression of emotion. The finale to the second part is extended and well developed. The opening theme for the quartet is such a quaint, simple ditty as Beethoven sometimes used for building up his grandest structures, and in this case also the simplicity of the unit issues into the complexity of a massive and manifold elaboration. An angelic choir intervenes in the conventional style, and thereafter a climax is reached as broad and splendid as any in the work. It is to the third part, however, that we must look for Dvorák's greatest effort in this respect. Here he deals with the baptismal and marriage service of Borivoj and Ludmila in the Cathedral of Velehrad, and the music is both grand and festive. Details of description would serve little purpose, but here, again, it may be said that the most conspicuous themes are as simple as those used in the choral parts of the Ninth Symphony, and that the voices and instruments launch out on as tumultuous a sea as even that wonderful work brings before the imagination.

In summation, "St. Ludmila" must be pronounced a work of extraordinary picturesquene and power. It contains abundant illustration of what we have hitherto considered Dvorák's characteristics-his power of creating definitely formulated tunes, usually with a distinct Bohemian flavour about them; his habit of bringing out all the points of his themes by repetition, as though he was turning the facets of a diamond towards the light; his skilful employment of the instruments to this end, and also in the massed production of rich orchestral colour; his classical regularity and clearness of construction. But the work also contains features for which the composer had not prepared us-a wide eclecticism of methodology transfused by his own individuality, so that he puts on the simplicity and the science alike of Handel and of Haydn; the gracefulness of Mendelssohn; the terse, yet elaborate vigour of Beethoven; even the romanticism of Wagner; and whilst all seem to fit him, they do not disguise the personality beneath. If anything, Dvorák is less Bohemian and more cosmopolitan in his oratorio than we had known him before, but he is still a composer of first inspiration and virile genius. Compared with the "Stabat Mater," "St. Ludmila" perfect work of art; that inevitably results from its extreme length and from the variety of its treatment. But in emotional and dramatic force, in easy melodic charm, and in breadth of choral effects, it has passages superior to anything in the

"The Golden Legend."

Longfellow's poem, from which Mr. Joseph Bennett extracted the libretto for Sir A. Sullivan's new work, treats of one of those stories of Satanic tempting which are frequent in German legendary lore of the Middle Ages. Prince Henry of Hoheneck was smitten by a smouldering fever, which consumed his vital powers both of body and mind. No physician can suggest a remedy save one of Salerno, who propounds the impossible prescription of a maiden's blood, drawn from her

veins of her own free will. Whilst Prince Henry is pacing his room in utter dejection, the Evil One visits him in Esculapian garb and induces him to drink from a phial which contains alcohol. The fatal appetite for the drug so grows upon the Prince that he is at length driven from his estate, and takes up his abode in the cottage of a retainer. There Elsie, the daughter of the household, learning the condition of his recovery, resolves, with a pity that is akin to love, to sacrifice herself. She sets out with the Prince to Salerno, and on arrival there is encouraged to carry out her resolve by "Dr. Lucifer." At the last moment, however, she is rescued by the Prince; he is miraculously healed; and there is the usual happy wedding. These are the essential incidents which Longfellow, with a pretty free paraphrase of the original legend, has woven into his poem. The strong family likeness of the story to "Faust" will not escape notice, but the gentle and humane aspects of the tale are those which obtain most prominent and successful treatment from the kindly American poet; certainly these are the features to which the librettist has paid chief attention. And therein he was wise, for Sir A. Sullivan's strong point is the lyrical; the demoniacal business is not much in his line, whereas, for love music, few can beat him. Accordingly, we find in the score of "The Golden Legend" the lyrical element predominating, some may think unduly. Altogether the score is marked by great economy. Not only is there an unusual by great economy. proportion of writing for the solo voice, but the accompaniments are for the most part conventional and merely sustaining; the resources of instrumentation are used sparingly, and those of harmony and counterpoint in still greater restric-tion. On the other hand, the melody is charming, and the work abounds in picturesque and suggestive touches which are none the less effective because they are refined and unobtrusive. However, our present duty is to describe the work, not to estimate its points.

The librettist has retained the poet's prologue, which represents Lucifer and his crew hovering round the spire of Strasburg Cathedral "in thunder, lightning and in rain," and making malicious but impotent endeavours to tear down its sacred symbols. The prologue has no organic relation with the drama that follows, but it presents an opportunity to the composer of which, within the ans which he has prescribed for himself, he does not fail to take advantage. The imitation peal of bells utilized in this ensemble every one has heard of; the whistling of the storm is represented by the obvious and well-established device of chromatic sequences, but the instrumentation chiefly for the strings shows the hand of restraint; the phrase with which the fiends confess their impotence is at least strong in its expression of vexation and despair; very impressive are the repeated invoca-tions of the bells and the peaceful solemn ending when the baffled fiends have departed and the solemn organ within the cathedral peals forth devout harmony and cadence. The most notable items in the first scene (the scenes are continuous pieces) are the quaint little symphony of counterpoint which ushers in "Dr. Lucifer," and thereafter constantly goes like a herald before him (a piece of symbolism which is obviously and judiciously connected with the disguise rather than with the Fvil One in propria persona), the sparkling staccato and the instrumentation when he produces the alcohol, the ecstatic outburst of the Prince on feeling the stimulus of the drug, and the warning lament of the angels sotto voce as he drinks it. There is here contrast enough to make up a very picturesque scene, though of the realism which Berlioz would have attempted in such a situation there is scarcely a suggestion. A tranquil little prelude opens the scene—that of the cottage; the leading theme of this pretty piece becomes the subject of a fugue in the Epilogue. Meanwhile, it serves as an independent accompaniment to a contralto solo for Ursula, the goodwife. The villagers' evening hymn,

an unaccompanied quartet, which immediately follows, is in the composer's suave ecclesiastical style, which serves him in good stead in several parts of the work. Elsie's prayer and self-dedication is another noteworthy incident in the scene: the melodic fervour being raised to a high degree of intensity. Perhaps the most picturesque scene is the third—the journey to Salerno. It begins with a duet for the Prince and Elsie, in which they draw analogies between the incidents of the roadside and the journey of life; almost as poetical as the words is the melody to which they are set, but when the voices join they move under the rather constraining form of thirds. The chant of a company of friars disturbs their conversation, and also catches the attention of Dr. Lucifer, who is in the neighbourhood, and immediately announces his intention of leading the pilgrims into a carousal rather inconsistent with their vows of fleshly mortification. This is the nearest approach to Mephistophelian diablerie in the work, and the mocking joviality of his solo, together with the chanting of the pilgrims, makes an effective break in the lyrical dialogue of the romantic young travellers. They resume their comments, after a short orchestral interlude, with two fine solos—the first for the Prince ("It is the sea"), the second for Elsie ("The night is calm"). The rippling of the waters is easily recognized in the instrumentation of the former; in the latter the air is everything. Very sweet and peaceful it is, and on receiving the accession of a smoothly harmonized chorus, it makes a beautiful closs to a seene of high and varied interest. The fourth scene brings the travellers to Salerno, where they are received by "Dr. Lucifer." Elsie having resolved to accompany him, her companions sing a farewell hymn, unaccompanied. It is more touching than the hymn in the second scene, and recalls the similar piece in "The Martyr of Antioch." The composer calls forth some dramatic power when he reaches the rescue, but he is still very circumspect mimportant, but the sixth is well developed, and contains some beautiful writing. The characters are again the Prince and Elsie, who are alone in the castle of Vantsberg on the evening of their wedding-day. In the opening prelude the bells are used again, but with only a fraction of their power in order to suggest distance. The orchestration is in keeping, and altogether this prelude, a sort of echo of the marriage feast, is the prettiest instrumental picture in the work. A rather lengthy duet follows, bounded upon a sort of "King of Thule" tradition, of which Charlemagne is the hero, the music being as tender and affectionate as the situation requires. At last, in the Epilogue, the full power of the chorus is brought out. Even here the composer seems unaccountably shy of approaching the climax, and gives four pages of union phases. Epilogue, the full power of the chorus is brought out. Even here the composer seems unaccountably shy of approaching the climax, and gives four pages of unison phrases before he announces the subject of his fugue, which comes to an end in three, the peroration being in broad harmonics. Still the Epilogue is refreshing and satisfying after rather a plethora of soft Lydian airs. That "The Golden Legend" is full of lovely melody, refined scoring, and picturesque characterization must go without the saying when it is known that it bears the signature of Sir A. Sullivan. But, remembering what he has accomplished in some earlier works, one cannot help thinking that, either from pressure of competitive business, or from his long habit of pleasing a light taste, he has not put his full strength into his latest production.

"The Story of Sagid."

That Mr. Joseph Bennett should be a favourite librettist with composers is no wonder, for he seems to know just how to suft their soveral characteristics. As he eleverly fitted Sir A. Sullivan with a thoroughly lyrical subject, so he has accurately taken the measure of Mr. Mackenzie and provided him with a strongly dramatic story. In its original form, the story was an Indian version of "Damon and P. thias" in which a Hinda became hostage for a Machemedra earlier. Pythias,"in which a Hindu became hostage for a Mahommedan captive order that the latter might take a last farewell of his wife and c r. Bennett has turned it into a love story; the voluntary ho in order that the latter might take a last farewell of his wife and child.

Mr. Bennett has turned it into a love story; the voluntary hostage becomes the daughter of the victorious Prince, and the object of the captive's longing is not his wife, but his aged father. We are not sure that this change of motive was needed, but we may conclude that it was not lightly made since it involved the librettist in the necessity of entirely re-writing the story.

One obvious advantage of having an Indian tale to deal with was that it afforded legitimate occasion for the introduction of "local greater." A coordinate when the first part open with the scene leid.

that it afforded legitimate occasion for the introduction of "local colour." Accordingly, when the first part opens, with the scene laid before the palace of Sawa, the Hindu Prince, the music at once strikes a weird keynots, chiefly through a devious phrase assigned to the flute, which is accompanied by violas and drum. The choral passages with which the people bewall their fate, harried and starved by the fanatical raids of the Mahommedan Sayid, and then fiercely invoke the gods to vengeance, are thoroughly characteristic. Presently a new orchestral figure begins, the rhythm of which unmistakably suggests the motion of the rider whom the watchman on the walls above descries in the distance. He tells the people that the messenger "waves his lance aioft for joy," and they break out into a fierce song of triumph. Subsequently, the return of Sawa from the battlefield is signified by a quaint and barbaric march, to the distinctive flavour of which both themes and instrumentation contribute. The high level of dramatic interest already attained is preserved throughout the scene in which Sayid is brought forth for judgment. With a solemn dirge-like tune, Sawa pronounces death upon the captive, the chorus taking up the decree in refrain and the drums adding its impressive seal. But at the end of his sir, Sawa recognizes in Sayid one who care him to dirink "hunting razallels hefore the war heaven," and bldtaking up the decree in refrain and the drums adding its impressive scal. But at the end of his air, Sawa recognizes in Sayld one who gave him to drink "hunting gazelles before the war began," and bids him ask any boon short of his life. It is then that Sayld in dreamy reverie recalls his home and his aged father. The air with which he gives expression to his thoughts is, perhaps, the finest in the work. The peacefulness of his native valley, the clarion call to a religious war, the tender farewell of his father, are all reflected in

music that is pastoral, martial, and pathetic by turns. This spiendid air is quickly followed by another almost equally fine. Sawa having declared that Sayid may visit his father if he can produce a hostage, the Princess Ilmas, who is standing by, immediately takes him at his word and claims the office. In reply to expostulation she gives the grounds of her faith in an expressive solo, to which the ingenious orchestral parts lend intensity of significance. An angry chorus from the people, "Release him not," brings the first part to aclose. Hitherto, the predominant mood of the music has been turbulent and fierce; in the second part it becomes calm and lovely. The Princess Ilmas is now the chief character, Sayid's leave of absence being nearly at an end and he still away. The part opens with a delicious chorus for the maidens in praise of love. It is set rus for the maidens in praise of love ree parts, and as the voices alterna te with the instri for three parts, and as the voices alternate with the instruments they have a larger share in the production of this charming music than Mr. Mackenzie usually allows them. Ilmas takes up the theme of the chorus in another long-developed solo. When he reaches the solo, perhaps the composer nearly oversteps that dangerous limit to the sublime, but meanwhile the vocal part is majestically eloquent. The music becomes dramatic again when Sawa declares that the gods require the sacrifice of his daughter for the escaped Mohanmedan. A solemn death march now intervence in the action. edan. A solemn death march now intervenes in the actio Mohammedan. A solemn death march now intervenes in the action. It is much more important than the march in the first part; indeed, its impressive melody and harmony, and its magnificent orchestration, mark it out as a piece that would produce a great effect in any connection. Very poetical and pathetic are Ilmas's ecstatic protestations of faith and love, and her demands that she shall be led to her death in bridal robes. But the figure of the horseman is heard again, and with splendid dramatic force the dialogue between the watchman and the people announces the approach of Saylid. His again, and with splendid dramatic force the dialogue between the watchman and the people announces the approach of Sayld- His duet with Ilmas, and the noble finale, "O Love, thy car triumphal," gathering up the leading representative motives of the cautata and welding them into a climax of magnificent grandeur, are the only other items that need be mentioned, in order to complete our rapid survey of Mr. Mackenzie's graphic and animated the control of these conveniences are the order to complete our rapid survey of Mr. Mackenzie's graphic and animated that the control of these conveniences are the control of the co work. Only those acquainted with his previous works—especially with the power these show of inventing vocal phraseology for the accontuated expression of feeling and of using the orchestra in fullest accord with the modern theory—can understand from these bare notes that wealth of imagination with which the composer has to music Mr. Bennett's picturesque and exciting story

"The Revenge."

Is we deal summarily with Mr. Stanford's endeavour to adapt the Is we deal summarily with Mr. Stanford's endeavour to adapt the ballad in its old meaning to the resources and requirements of modern musle, it is exertainly not because the work is less worthy of comment than those noticed above, but because of the very admirable completeness of his success. Every one knows, or should know, the graphic detail of Lord Tennyson's setting of that immortal "Last Fight of the Revenge" which makes an Englishman's pulses leap as he reads of it—how every line breathes action. Mr. Stanford has fairly mirrored the whole, and the wealth of his suggestive devices simply defles enumeration. Suffice it that in general he tells the story through the mouth of the chorus in breezy phrase, recalling the flavour of famous old nautical ditties; that the instrumentation of the fight and the storm is a very realistic business; and that the work as a whole is one in which the Philistine and the cultured dilletante may each find abundant enjoyment.

The Performances.

OFFICIALLY, the Festival extended from Wednesday to Saturday, October 13-16, but so far as band and chorus were concerned it began two days earlier and lasted out the full six working days of the week. Rehearsals are a very admirable institution, but, like all other good things, they may be overdone, and it is somewhat of a question whether they did not overshoot the mark on this occasion. C-rtain frequenters of the Festival thought that the chorus was not up to the standard of previous years in freshness and body of tone. The tone of the Yorkshire singers has hitherto been the especial glory of the Leeds Festival—and what St. Paul declares the hair to be to lovely woman—and if there is really any deterioration in that glory of the Leeds Festival—and what St. Paul declares the hair to be to lovely woman—and if there is really any deterioration in that respect it behoves the managers to search diligently for the causes. But there is one weighty circumstance to set against the judgment of the critics in this matter. The Victoria Hall at Leeds is in some of the critics in this matter. The Victoria Hall at Leeds is in some respects peculiarly well adapted for the assemblies that attend a festival, in that it is rich in corridors, cloak rooms, refreshment buffets, and all accessories that make comfortable arrivals, departures and intervals; but in regard to the main object of a musical performance—that of bringing music effectively to the ears of the audience—it leaves a good deal to be desired. In general, its radical acoustical fault is that of reverberation, but its conductivity may be a support of the s radical acoustical fault is that of reverberation, but its conductivity varies so much in parts that a judgment as to effect from any one point is scarcely to be relied on. It may be said in passing that there is no longer any need why the Festival committee should adhere to the Victoria Hall. A new structure, the Coliseum, has been in use long enough to prove itself not only twice as capacious as the older building, but acoustically perfect. Allowing, however, for the deceptive qualities of the auditorium, it is probable that the crities were in some measure right in noting a decline in the quantity and quality of the choral tone, and even in the sharpness of its attack. It must be said at once, though, that this decline was very slight, and that any small detriment to the magnificent sonority of the chorus was balanced by a gain in refinement of expression. The composition of the chorus was as follows: eighty-one sopranos, seventy-three conbalanced by a gain in refinement of expression. The composition of the chorus was as follows: eighty-one sopranos, seventy-three contraitos and alton, seventy-five tenors, and as many basses, and it may be noted that of the contraitos, who were the weakest department, fully two-thirds were amateurs. The band was so strong, consisting for the most part of the London Philarmonic Society, with Mr. Carrodus for leader; and it may be said, once for all, that the tone, accuracy, spirit and finish of this superb orchestra could not have been excelled. The list of principals included nearly all the best English oratorio singers of the day, comprising, besides that incomparable quartet Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, those rising artistes, Miss Anna Williams, Lloyd and Santley, those rising artistes, Miss Anna William Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Damian, Mr. Bartt McGuckin, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Fred. King, Mr. Brereton, au Mr. Waikin Mills. Sir A. Sullivan undertook the onerous duties of conductor, and again justified the large confidence which the committee placed in him. For the third time, the chorus had been trained by Mr. Alfred Broughton, and the tenancy of the organ-loft was shared by Dr. Spark and Mr. F. Cliff.

trained by Mr. Alfred Broughton, and the tenancy of the organioft was shared by Dr. Spark and Mr. P. Cliff.

In one respect, truly, it is rather difficult to recognize the Leeds meeting as an English festival, for the familiar feature, the "Messish" had no place in it. But though the committee banished the evergreen oratorio, they could not dispense with the vigorous old Teuton who has so largely formed the musical taste of this country. Accordingly, the Festival opened with his grand and graphic panorama of the signs and wonders shown to Pharaoh of old and the miraculous delivery of Jehovah's chosen people. "Israel in Egypt" was a great opportunity for the Yorkshire chorus, and it was not lost. It may be that the over-fatigue of the rehearsals showed itself in the Hallstone Chorus and the Song of Triumph, and these did not gain in clearness by the quicker time than ordinary at which Sir A. Sullivan took them, but the phrasing and intonation in the descriptive numbers were most impressive. To the eye the Victoria Hall is always handsome, and on this opening morning of the Festival it looked particularly well. A large and well-dressed audience, and the orchestra set out for the double choruses—the laddes in white dresses and crimson or blue sashes forming a middle zone between the black coats—lent animation to the lofty proportions and solid colouring of columns and walls and organ. Still better looked the Hall in the evening, when lighted by electric chandeliers. Thereby hangs at ale. Three years ago the Duke of Edinburgh drove to the Festival through streets enveloped in as thick a pall of almosphere as fog and smoke combined could make. Then it was that the experiment of lighting the Hall by electricity was first tried j in the midst of the performance trialied and three was a dismal and anaxious ten minutes until the combined could make. Then it was that the experiment of lighting the Hall by electricity was first tried; in the midst of the performance it failed and there was a dismal and anxious ten minutes until the eustodian of the gas key was discovered. No such mishap befell this time. Some amount of curiosity was excited by two very conspicuous lamps hanging over the gangways whereby the chorus entered the orchestra; a local wag declared that they had been borrowed from the Metropolitan Railway. But the oddest incident in the coup d'ail was among the mottoes on the walls, where, alongside of "Magna Charta" and others, the scribe had written, "Trial by Jury:" some people had supposed that this was a compliment to to Sir A. Sullivan. However, to return to the Festival—very bright and brilliant looked the Hall on the Wednesday evening, when Mr. Mackenzie stepped forward to conduct his "Story of Sayld." The Wednesday evening, when uct his "Story of Sayid." Mackenzie stepped forward to con Mackenzie stepped forward to conduct his "Story of Sayld." The work has already been described; its performance was about as fine as it could be, but revealed a miscalculation in Mr. Mackenzie's workmanship. Everything that the band and chorus did was wonderfully effective, but it became evident that the composer had overscored the accompaniments to his solos. Mme. Albani's voice would soar above a tempest, and abe declaimed Ilmass "scenas" with magnificent fervour. Mr. Watkin Mills was dignified and commanding as the Hindu Prince, but Mr. Barton McGuckin as Sayid was completely overweighted by the orchestral colour. The the evening was given up to a miscellany, of which a selec-m "Idomeneo" is a hint worthy of attention; there must be of buried treasure in forgotten operas which ought to be brought to light.

brought to light.

Thursday morning was made memorable by the finest performance of Bach's sublime Mass in B minor ever heard in this country. Great preparations had been made for this event. Trumpets were constructed for the occasion on the old German model—slender tubes nearly five feet long, with bell mouths and bivalve action, the players holding them at full length, like pictures of the archangels, and the sweet old oboe d.amor was brought back to the orchestra, These and Mr. Svendsen's flute and Mr. Carrodus violin obbligate were all charmingly played; so were the orchestral parts in general. Very reverent, too, were the soloists, Miss Williams, Miss Dainian, Mr. McGuckin and Mr. Santley, in their treatment of the grand old master's expressive arias. Mr. F. Cliffe had done something to replace the organ improvisations of the immortal cantor and played hit useful additions in good style. But to the chorus chiefly belongs the credit of an intensely impressive performance. Listening to their sea of cauliant voices in the "Sanctus," and to their poignant expressiveness in the "Crucifixus," one was lifted to heights of

replace the organism processive performance. Listening to their sea of exultant voices in the "Sanctus," and to their poignant expressiveness in the "Crucifixus," one was lifted to heights of exultation and moved to depths of profound pathos such as only music, and that the most sublime, can reveal to finite intellects and emotions. Thursday evening brought with it Mr. Stanford and his "Revenge," the declamatory phrases of which were hugely enjoyed by the chorus, whilst the excitement of the music and story roused the audience to enthusiasm. There followed a nervous and splendid rendering of Beethoven's C minor symphony, and a brilliant and powerful performance of "The Walpurgis Night."

To the cognoscent's Friday morning was the supreme season of the week, for then it was that Dvorák's new oratorio came to a hearing. The Bohemian conducted in person, and a flattering reception was accorded to him both at the beginning and end of the performance. The interest of the audience palpably flagged in the middle of the work, but the beauty of the chief airs and the power of the choruses seemed to impress every listener. Seldom has a new work been better performed, despite its difficulties. Mme. Albani's Ludmila, and Mr. Santley's Ivan were splendid studies, both of the characters and the music, whilst Mr. Lloyd sang with his customary charm of voice and style. Mme. Patey had a minor part, but she does all well, little or great. The chorus began rather out of tune, but soon picked up and sang lustily, whilst the band showed itself thoroughly interested in the gorgeous score before it. A miscellaneous concert was given in the evening, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Schumann's "Advent Hymn "being the most considerable item. If "St. Ludmila" was the most important event for art, "The Golden Legend" was the most important event for art, "The Golden Legend" may for several minutes, deadening him the while with plaudits, and the ladies smothered him with bouquets. Then everybody adjourned to the refreshment buffets, disco

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"Up the Glen the Mists are Grawling."

Up the glen the mists are crawling, Thro' the copse the rooks are calling, While the hill-tops take the ruddy sun-rise glow; And for ever from the valley, Where summer loves to dally, I must go.

Thro the gloom of towny arches, Woven of the tufted larches, Gleams the woodland cottage with the walls like snow;

And from it, and from the maiden Who made its walls my Eden,
I must go.

All along the yellow loaning,
Low the autumn wind is moaning,
While the hidden brook is calling far below;
And for ever from the valley,
Where summer loves to dally,
I must go.

EBENEZER BLACK.

A Russian Violin.

By HENRI GREVILLE.

CHAPTER VI.

LLE. ROUSSOF, seated near her chamber window, was sewing a shirt for a little peasant, of a hideously discordant rose-coloured check; she was very busy in adjusting to the armpits two squares of bright-red stuff, without which, no one knows why, a peasant's shirt is a contemptible object and unworthy to be worn except for the most menial work.

While her needle was making a quick and regular movement through the work, Mlle. Roussof thought of things "far away," as she had said to Victor the year before, and her roving mind carried her far from the red shirt, and the belfry tower in the form of a turnip turned upside down, which shut out her view on the other side of the pond. This is what she saw in her reverie:

It was a green plain, the velvety green of well-watered meadows; really, a brook trickled through its midst, here and there ornamented by willows but more frequently simply bordered with myosotis, so flourishing and plentiful that one could distinguish the pale blue showing amid the grass, even a hundred paces away.

It was a deserted plain; a mill, that was only inhabited during work-time-that is to say, when the stream consented to be neither frozen over nor dried up-assumed a dignified air in the very middle of it, attracting the eye by the black colour of the old wood beaten by many a winter. A sluice closed the course of the water, and a little bridge, summarily formed of two beams, rose above the sluice at a certain height. This bridge, strangely enough, rested on two piles of bricks eaten up by moss, worn away by the rude battering of blocks of ice in winter, but still solid and almost majestic; these piles, much more ancient than the bridge which they supported, had seen many things; but stones do not speak. As for the bridge itself, it had had formerly a parapet; this had fallen into the river one stormy night, and no one had ever seen it after or troubled to replace it.

The plain was really a valley, for the two sides formed little hills, of which the abrupt slope tumbled down all at once upon the level space. At

the left were dense woods, pines and beeches; the sandy earth was rent in places by whitish excavations, and some roads, white also, climbed over the summits and disappeared mysteriously, towards some unknown point.

At the right, a little town stretched out with a monastery for its chief monument. This monastery, half fortress, like all Russian convents, enclosed in its lofty precincts many buildings; a church, several chapels, gardens and orchards, and the whole inclined gradually towards the plain sheltered by large trees, of which some, oddly cut in the middle, instead of trunk lifted to the sky numerous branches, comparatively young—that is to say, scarcely fifty years old. These strange trees were formed above all in the direction of the opposite heights, as if they had been cut expressly to preserve a view of the hills. . . . But this was not a whim of the proprietor who had thus mutilated them, any more than it was an accident that made the crops so green and fertile on the grassy plain; the stream was the Beresina, and it was the shooting of the French balls which had discrowned the large alder-trees.

Some leagues above the point where the bloody battle of Borodino was fought, a main body of troops had engaged with a Russian division: the little monastery was cruelly bombarded, and many wounded bodies lay on the banks of the stream. No one counted the corpses which strewed this plain; under the murderous fire of the French batteries, which lasted three days, the inhabitants of the monastery could not go out to find their dead, and when the army withdrew, the marauders of the battlefield had already stripped the victims. They buried Russians and French in common graves, and the monks of the monastery, having ended their pious duty, consecrated for many years their prayers to the repose of those, whoever they may have been, who had died far from their

Mlle. Roussof knew all these things; she had travelled in meditation over the grassy paths which surrounded the sacred hillocks; she had listened to the history of those three days, a history of fire and blood—the same, alas! from all time, for all besieged towns, for all violated territories, from the obscure nooks of Asia to the very heart of the capitals—and it was with a profound pity that she had viewed this simple landscape, so vivid in its lines, so hospitable in its contours, so tragic when one knows its legend.

Circumstances, accidental events, impress upon the memory, in an indelible manner, facts otherwise of no importance; under the influence of certain emotions the heart is opened to new sentiments, and discloses itself in an instant better than it had done during many peaceful years. When Mlle. Roussof was on one occasion listening to the tale of these heroic combats, where Russians and French had displayed an almost superhuman valour, a young man was walking near the group of which she was a member, and watched on her face the emotions produced by this epic tale.

What had he seen on that calm, white face which inspired him with so much enthusiasm and veneration? Was it pity, inborn in some souls, which was displayed by a sudden pallor, and a trembling of the half-open lips. Was it the kindness of those grey eyes, lowered so softly? or the charming gesture with which the young girl had thrown upon the hillock a sheaf of flowers gathered in the plain, thus giving to death what death had caused to live?

What matters the motive? When Mile. Roussof raised her pensive eyes, so long fixed upon the ground, she read in those of the young doctor that he thought as herself, and that she had found a friend.

They did not speak, for they did not know each other. Valerian Moutine had come to spend a few days with the Archimandrite of M——, whom he had known from childhood; the accident of a broken wheel had forced the Roussof family, while

on their way to the country, to spend two days in the little town; they had visited the convent; the Archimandrite, pleased to see some intelligent people and to be able to chat a little, had done them the honours; and that is how Groucha is found walking on the banks of the Beresina by the side of an unknown whom she would never forget.

Two days only! It is very little for an impression to last a whole lifetime; but during these two days, all had conspired against her. While her parents were seated with the Archimandrite, tasting some unique tea, brought expressly from the heart of China to give the good old man pleasure—a princely gift from a restless soul to whom he had given consolation—they had sent "the children" into the garden to amuse themselves—the children were Groucha and her brother Benjamin—and the young doctor had followed them, under the pretext that he was not yet twenty-five-years old.

The cherry-trees grew in such profusion in one corner of the orchard, that, according to the assertion of the lay-brother who conducted them, they lost at least two hundredweight of cherries every year.

"It is not that they are lost," said the kind man, "for the birds sent by the good God eat them. Scarcely are the flowers fallen when the little plunderers come and perch on the trees in front, upon the walls, everywhere where there is room for them; they appear to watch them grow and ripen; but do not imagine they touch them till they are ripe. From time to time they come and tap them with their beaks, and return. But when a fine sunny day, followed by a very hot night, has given them the finishing touch, then before daybreak the gourmands are in the trees, and one would say that there are more birds than cherries. When one approaches they do not stir an inch!"

"You do not place nets there?" asked the young man.

"The Father Archimandrite does not wish it, and says that there will always be enough left for us."

Involuntarily the young people exchanged glances and smiled. Benjamin had already begun to climb the cherry-tree; his sister would have stopped him.

"Oh!" said the lay-brother, "you need not disturb him; he will not do any damage. The trees grow here as it pleases God."

He had followed Benjamin; the young people kept behind him.

Truly the trees grew at liberty; their branches started from the ground, became entangled in each other, grew in arbours, pruned just enough to form covered alleys where one could walk when the fruit-picking time came; the alleys followed no plan, and turned about capriciously, after the fancy of these primitive gardeners. After a few steps Groucha stopped, and her companion likewise: Benjamin and the lay-brother had disappeared in the underwood; one could hear their voices, but they were no longer visible. The young girl lifted her eyes: a subdued light fell upon her through the vaulted arches. One could not see the sky or perceive any signs of life; above their heads, all around them, were black branches and white flowers; under their feet, petals strewed the grass. Mlle. Roussof felt her eyes moisten with tears, and lowered her eyelids to hide this emotion, which she felt to be ridiculous and inexplicable. A slight movement which she made in leaning against a large trunk shook the cherry-tree, and a shower of petals fell upon her head. They had fallen on her hair, her neck, her gown, her hands. everywhere where the tiny delicate flowers could find a place to rest. She smiled to hide her embarrassment, and the movement of her head which accompanied the smile shook the petals around her. Valerian bowed, quickly held out his hands, and received the flowers which she had

All this happened in an instant, without a word; they continued their walk towards the spot where

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they heard Benjamin's voice, and left behind the white cloud which had enveloped them.

The sight of the blue sky seemed to restore to Groucha the calm which she had lost in the atmosphere of the cherry-trees; they made the tour of the large, almost wild, garden and returned towards their elders after exchanging a few commonplace words.

"Oh! mamma," cried Benjamin entering, "you don't know how many cherries there will be in six weeks!"

Groucha said nothing, but her cheeks became a deep red, and Valerian looked out of the window.

In the autumn they returned through M-, and, strange to say, Valerian happened to be there at the same time; their friendship with the good Archimandrite had become closer and more intimate; he had sent Benjamin a hamper of cherries and Mme. Roussof, in return, had forwarded him a basket of plums. They passed a charming day there; it rained a little; the leaves were falling from the trees, the grass was becoming yellow; but they went nevertheless to take a turn in the meadows. When they came to the famous bridge, Benjamin rashly ventured over; the parents de-clared they would not risk it, and preferred to turn back. The young doctor was already on the other side; seeing Mlle. Roussof hesitate, he held out his hand. Why did Groucha cross the tottering planks with so much resolution and put her right hand in the one he offered her? Why, unless he had pressed it more than was necessary, did she feel that this man offered her his life? All these things are mysteries one cannot solve.

Spring had returned; they again made a visit to the monastery, but this time a longer one. The Archimandrite, who passionately loved music, had presented the Roussof family at a house in the town, where there was an excellent piano, and he had spent a delightful evening in listening to Mme. Roussof and her daughter play, together and separately, the best works of the old masters.

I shall come and see you!" he had said to Groucha when she bade him good-by; "I shall come, so that you may play me some music. It is twenty years since I have heard anything like it,"

They had begged the good old man to keep his promise, but the young doctor was not included in the invitation. M. and Mme. Roussof had scarcely noticed the existence of this boy, who hardly ever spoke and was content to listen to every one.

That is why Groucha, while plying her needle, dreamt of things far away. She reproached herself with thinking of it, and yet did not wish to cherish any other dream.

A noise of small bells along the road attracted her attention. She could only see a very small piece of it beyond the bridge over the dam, so she would need to wait some time. In the country one becomes quicker in distinguishing the different sounds of the carriages. The one approaching was neither a light conveyance nor an open carriage; consequently this visit could not be from a near neighbour; the heavy movement of the wheels, the weight of the equipage which shook the earth far away, the sound of the large bells, all announced a majestic coach, a carriage come from afar and drawn by six horses.

It was indeed a grand landau passing over the bridge, and a black form behind the curtains was visible on the further side. A white face appeared, a hand still whiter gracefully waved a salutation which resembled a benediction.

"It is the Archimandrite!" said Groucha, feeling her heart beat loudly, "And he has come alone!"
She perceived, for the first time, that for two months she had been expecting Valerian.

CHAPTER VII.

" You did not expect me?" said the Archimandrite, while they hastened to get him some tea.

He was seated in a large leather armchair in the shelter of a green blind, and his whole person bore a satisfied appearance.

The Archimandrite Arsene was not an ordinary

man. One often abuses, in novels, the type of those who enter the cloister to cure some incurable wound; still this does sometimes happen. He who was now called Father Arsene had been a distinguished Marine officer; while still young he had commanded a frigate, and, at the time of his retirement, Petersburg knew no more amiable worldling. All at once, just when his career seemed fixed, when the favour of the Court promised him a brilliant future, he quitted the world for a monastery, and became a novice like one of the age of sixteen years. People said, and he did not contradict them, that the sorrow caused by his mother's death had rendered life insupportable to him; but it is possible that there was a deeper grief-one which he would hide even from himself-preceding or accompanying this, which, however, acted as a cover to it.

Certain monastic vows in Russia allow the reservation of one's personal fortune. All are compelled to adopt the same simple mode of living, from the Archimandrite to the youngest lay-brother, though some may have large revenues; these revenues, which do not belong to the convent, allow the monks to do good works in addition to their usual pious deeds.

There is no doubt that if in any case this fortune became an object of scandal, he who owned it would be restricted in its use; but so far as Father Arsene was concerned no one ever had occasion to take exception at his conduct.

After ten years of humility he was promoted by general consent to the rank of prior or Archimandrite of the monastery he had entered : the sailor soon established a military discipline, which surprised every one and produced very extraordinary results. At the end of six months, not only were fleas banished, but the white stone walls resumed their original freshness; the floors, scrupulously washed, scrubbed, and sanded, recalled the deck of the vessel which the brave man had formerly commanded. No more cobwebs in the corners, no more dusty corners in the windows : all was shining and clean as on board.

The change extended still farther. The enterprising spirit of Father Arsene needed some other outlet than the routine of the monastery provided; he had organized a choir, rearranged the old psalmody, and established the sacred chants in their primitive simplicity; pitilessly banishing from the choir those who sang false, he had obtained a quartette which was celebrated even in a country where nearly all the monasteries are renowned for the perfection of their Church music. But this purely intellectual occupation left the monks long hours of idleness, gilded by the name of meditation. Father Arsene wished a little less meditation, and set himself to seek a less ideal occupation.

One day as he was walking in the monastery precincts, leaning on his indispensable stick-for he suffered somewhat from gout—he stopped before a field belonging to the community, and from which up to now no profit had ever been drawn. The ground furnished in lamentable profusion a particular sort of thistle, the hardy heads of which obstinately refused to supply the most meagre nourishment. Twenty times had these obstinate plants been rooted up: they had laboured, harrowed the field, sown it with grasses, cereals, and in the spring thistles sprung up—the identical thistles—which seemed to say: "We are here to remain: don't disturb yourself, and neither will we." After the war, the community had bought an ass and turned it out to pasture in this field, which should have been to it a paradise; but the ass had become thin and was standing henceforth on the hill-side looking like a skeleton, for the thistles hindered grass from growing and were not suitable for an ass to eat. To prevent his dying, they had been forced to give the poor beast some oats, against all the rules of sobriety practised in the convent.

Father Arsene contemplated the donkey's leanness and said to himself, in spite of his religious principles, that decidedly the ways of Providence

needed no protection-alas! on the contrary-one was obliged to fasten to a stake there the refractory tenant, in order that he should not seek bets fortune elsewhere; the Archimandrite lepped off several of the finest flowers of this obstinate plant and carried them away. For several days Father Arsene appeared so preoccupied that the monks dared not speak to him, in spite of his great goodnature. Not that they feared to be ill received, but they felt that their superior had the fidgets, and they would not for anything in the world trouble or put him out.

About the middle of the second week the monastery was convoked, even to the youngest novices, and Father Arsene explained in their presence what had been troubling him.

"My dear brothers, my dear children, we are very wrong in accusing Providence, when it is ourselves and our own weaknesses that we must thank for our troubles. You all know the field of thistles which lies along the banks of the Beresina, and no one denies how very useless, and even really a nuisance, we have found it. But it is a source of wealth that we do not know how to appreciate, and which the Saviour made known to me the other day. These thistles are a rare kind of teazle in great request; mixing it with the wool of our sheep, which hitherto we have woven with great trouble. we shall make excellent cloth, which henceforth will do for our clothing. If the will of God permits, our community will have a clear benefit of 2000 roubles

This communication was received with surprise; no one dared believe it; how could these thistles be good for anything? They were obliged, however, to think something of it when two workmen came from Moscow to teach them how to utilize the thistles. A temporary building was erected on the banks of the Beresina, whose waters were used in the work; and two years afterwards, not only had Father Arsene's prediction been realized, but the manufacture of the cloth brought into the monastery an income of 6000 roubles.

Such was the man who now, dressed in long trailing black robes, with a cylindrically shaped hat, flattened at the top, covered with a black veil, passed his life in doing good to all around him, and for the moment appeared principally occupied in the pleasure of meeting his friends

"You had ceased to expect me?" he repeated, looking upon the faces which surrounded him, and all expressed a filial joy.

"You promised to come, Father Arsene," said Mme. Roussof; "but you are so busy!"

There are all sorts of occupations," replied the old man, with a smile full of malicious humour; what brings me here to-day is not one of my ordinary pursuits."

He looked at Mlle. Roussof while speaking; she suddenly became very pale and left the room, signing to Benjamin to follow her.

"She understands," said Father Arsene to the astonished parents; "it is a good omen for the embassy on which I have come; you do not guess it, my friends? but your daughter knows all about it."

M. and Mme. Roussof looked at him in astonishment; he became serious.

"My young friend, Valerian Moutine, has been much struck with the merits of your daughter Agrippina; but he quite feels that you would not care to give her to one without name or fortune; for the last eighteen months he has worked night and day to obtain the position of doctor in the hospital of our town, and at last he has it. A good practice is assured; moreover, he has my friendship. As a security, he would wish to place his young fiancée under my protection. Will you promise him your daughter's hand?"

The parents were taken quite unawares, for they had never suspected such a thing. Mme. Roussol looked at her husband.

"No doubt, Father Arsene," she said, hesitating are sometimes impenetrable—when an idea occurred to him. Entering the ungrateful field, which your protege."

"It is certainly the first time, and probably the last," interrupted the Archimandrite, smiling, "that I am charged with negotiating a marriage.

"But this—this young man, has he spoken to our daughter? Does he know if she cares for

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"Valerian assured me that he had never approached the subject with your child. He waited till he had obtained a position before speaking to you; but, at the last moment, his courage failed, and I am here as his delegate."

M. Roussof said nothing, but took his wife's

"My dear," he said, "you agree with me that it should be as Agrippina wishes. If you recollect, my position when I married you was not better than this young man's appears to be, and moreover, if this marriage pleases our daughter, let it take place; my only desire is to see her

Mme. Roussof wept silently, but offered no

objection.

'Call Mlle. Roussof," said M. Roussof, putting his head in the next room.

An instant after, during which no one spoke, Groucha entered. Her pale face, paler than ever, her grey eyes, restless with emotion, alone betrayed her feelings. She stood upright before the three

"Groucha," said M. Roussof to her, "our friend, Father Arsene, is the bearer of a proposal which concerns you. Will you marry young Valerian Moutine, who offers you his hand?"

Agrippina lowered her eyes for a moment, then she lifted them up to her father.

"I will," she replied in a firm voice, "with your blessing and my mother's."

The parents exchanged glances, and the mother turned away her face to hide her tears.

"You hardly know him; do you think that you will make him a good wife?"

"I think so," replied the young girl, with a shade

"Are you quite sure of what you are saying?" insisted her father, frightened at so firm a decision which was so far from what he had expected, Then, you love him?

Groucha blushed deeply; but without hesitating, though in a slightly moved voice, she replied:

"I love him.

"May the Lord be with you, then," exclaimed her father. "You have found your destiny, may you be happy!"

The parents blessed their child after the Archi mandrite, then the young fiancée seated herself by them to learn from Valerian's messenger all that he could tell her about the man of her choice.

The young doctor was sent for the same day, and that evening, at the tea-table, Benjamin heard of his sister's engagement. This news did not make a great impression upon him; he declared himself satisfied when he heard the suitor's name, and forgot all about it an hour after.

A little before separating, Father Arsene approached Groucha, who, always calm, but more than

usually pensive, kept her ordinary composure.

"Don't you think, young lady," he said, half smiling, "that you owe me some thanks?"

Mdlle. Roussof's eyes replied eloquently.

"Very well, play me a little music, if you please; that shall be my reward."

The young fiancle went to the piano and played one of Mozart's sonatas. This kind of music, calmer, less passionate than modern music, she chose when wishing to calm her passions. When she had finished, Father Arsene thanked her, and each retired to think over alone the events of this day which had just assumed so unexpected an

The two days which must pass before Valerian Moutine could arrive passed very slowly. A certain embarrassment weighed upon the house-not that the parents wished her to have decided otherwise; they had acted much the same in their own time, but they were a little vexed at not having paid more attention to this young man who was o become their son-in-law.

"It is always so," said M. Roussof to his wife, who felt it more keenly than her husband. "But while we are waiting for him, we must have something to pass the time; the rain prevents our going out, so suppose we ask Demiane to bring his violin; that will interest Father Arsene to-morrow."

The next day, the priest's two sons were invited to luncheon. Victor's accident, which had so unhappily cut short his projected career. immediately secured Father Arsene's sympathy.
"What do you intend doing in future?" he asked

the young cripple.
"What God wills!" he replied, calmly. "I am not good for much, but I can still assist others."

"You do not feel any desire to enter a monastery?" asked Father Arsene, more from habit than from

any desire to gain a proselyte.

"No—no, your Grace, I am not fit for a monastic life. I have thought of it often; I much prefer to live at home with Demiane, and when he marries I shall help to educate his children. I have some books, I work a little now and then; I think that with their help I make a pretty good teacher."

The Archimandrite nodded approvingly.

"And you, young man," he said to Demiane,
"are you to become a priest?"

Seeing himself thus questioned on so delicate a point, our friend blushed and was disturbed. But he had already learned enough at the seminary to know how to give an ambiguous answer.

I am preparing for it," he replied, without daring to lift his eyes.

Father Arsene knew the world too well not to less some mystery.

"Is it by your own wish?" he asked, without appearing to be much interested.

Demiane remained silent.
"Eh?" said the monk, as if he had not heard

the young man's reply.

Making a great effort, the student raised his eyes and replied frankly:

" No, your Grace, it is not by my will." Father Arsene looked at him attentively; the boypleased him. In the lay-garments which young students wore during the holidays he looked unusually graceful and elegant, and even the deplorable work of the tailor in a country village could not entirely hide it. Black down already shaded his upper lip, and, in spite of Victor's pensive eyes and

reflective air, Demiane appeared the elder. "One must always have a reason to guide one's thoughts and actions," replied the monk, kindly; "what hinders you from becoming an ecclesiastic?"

"I could not play the violin," replied Demiane, ashamed to give such a silly reason, and unable to find any other.

"Oh! you are a votary of the violin?" said Father Arsene, more and more interested with this strange boy. "Will you play me something?"

The ladies were ready, and Demiane commenced one of Beethoven's sonatas with a nervousness quite unusual to him. It was the first time that he had had a public, for those who had grown up with him from childhood had not appeared in that light; he never troubled about them, His nervousness caused him to frown; his black eyes were fixed on the music, and, with a vigour which surprised those who knew him, he attacked his part.

He was not the same boy; the thought that he was playing before a judge—a judge who felt kindly disposed towards him, and was at the same time a connoisseur-transformed him and gave him wings. His childish face, become manly under the effort of the concentration of his will, shone as a neophyte's, and indeed, in this solemn hour for him, Demiane was confessing his faith.

"My dear boy !" said M. Roussof, when he had finished, "I do not recognise your playing. You must have worked hard since last year.'

"Never at the seminary," murmured the young man sadly, half smiling.

Being questioned, he related his misfortunes, and did so with great frankness, not disguising his innocent fraud. Father Arsene did his best to look grave; but his blue eyes smiled, and he could not prevent his mouth from twitching under his white beard.

"It is very wrong, however," he said, "to deceive your superiors.'

"I know it, your Grace; but what could it matter to any one if I played on the violin?

"The rule, my son, the rule! We should not argue, but submit in the spirit of mortification.'

Demiane did not appear to appreciate much the spirit of mortification, and the Archimandrite felt convinced that this musician would make but a poor priest; but as that was not his business, and he had not been consulted, he kept his opinion to himself.

"Do you not take any fish, Father Arsene?" said Mme. Roussof to him at dinner.

"No, thank you."

"But it is not a fast day," said the doctor. "Why refuse what is allowable?

"It is my whim," replied the monk, smiling; "I have my little system, and to-day, if you will allow me, I shall dine on bread and vegetables. But do not let that disturb you; imagine that I have eaten like a gourmand."

He smiled so calmly, his eyes expressed so much kindness, that his wish was respected. After the meal he took Demiane by the arm and led him to

the piano.
"Continue your sonata, my dear boy," he said, "and play your best."

Groucha, who was turning over the leaves of her music, looked at the monk attentively, and, without lifting her eyes, said to him admiringly:

"You deprived yourself of fish, so that you might enjoy some music, Father Arsene?

Be quiet, Mademoiselle," he replied, smiling, "do not attempt to penetrate consciences. She looked at him affectionately; the thought

that this old man fasted in order to allow himself an artistic joy, compensating thus by one privation for the pleasure he had been enjoying that day, inspired her with fresh veneration for Valerian's friend. She played for him as she had never played before, and the two pupils gave Father Arsene an almost masterly concert.

After the adagio, he rose, and made a gesture

"Enough," he said ; "thank you."

"The end of the sonata!" cried M. Roussof, in a supplicating tone; "hear the finish!"

"No; one must not be greedy," replied the old

Then in a regretful tone, he added:

"That would give me too much pleasure: be reasonable."

(To be continued.)

d bove offee So.

With beating heart and tremblingly I stand Waiting the dear touch of thy gentle hand.
Why should I tremble? Why should I be mute? Why should love's pangs be ever so acute? I know not, and I care not: this I know-The pain is sweet to me—I love thee so!

I long to meet thee, yet, when we have met The words wherewith to greet thee I forget. And when I try in vain to break the spell My eyes translate what tongue could never tell.

Ah! I am haunted wheresoe er I go
By thy sweet presence—for—I love thee so!

MARY L. PENDERED.

The Art of Music in Rorse Antiquity.

"I cannot love ye, any one, No bride I choose, forbear! My heart and troth I give to non With love-beats, it for aye hath done, The robe of grief doth wear. I cannot love ye, any one, No bride I choose, forbear!

" And it grows still in Aegir's hall, When Necken strikes the strings His eyes with sorrow's light enthrall, And down his cheeks, unheeded fall The tears as he yet sings. And it grows still in Aegir's hall, When Necken strikes the strings.

" All hosts below, from ocean's bed, All listen to the god.

The swan doth bend his graceful head, And nearer swim, to Necken led At sound of his first chord, All hos's below, from ocean's bed, All lis'en to the god."

LEARNED Swede of the seventeenth century, Olans Rudbeck, devoted thirty years of his life to the enthusiastic attempt to prove that Sweden was Plato's lost Atlantis, and his work, known as "Rudbeck's Atlantica," published in 1679, certainly created a profound sensation, and was not without its convincing force. That which most struck his contemporaries was the strange similarity he pointed out between the Northern mythology and the Grecian, which was so marked as to almost make it appear that the Northern mythology was the origin and source of the Grecian. "If the Greco-Roman mythology has a golden age," he exclaims, "so has the Northern." This wonderful resemblance in itself endows Sweden with a classical antiquity, and with all the charm of mythical poetry and romance.

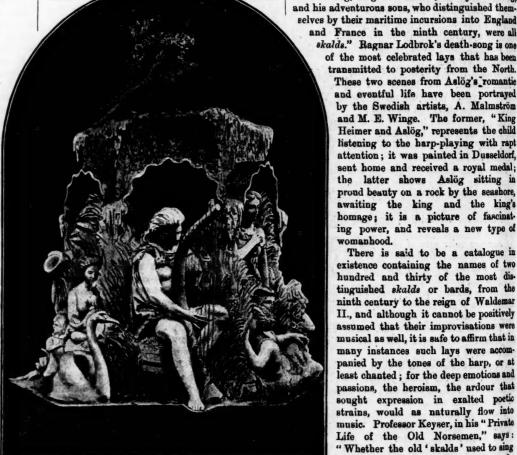
A mythology with such elements of grandeur could not but inspire the first race that stepped inside the boundary of history with the loftiest ideals. The ancient Norsemen incarnated in themselves the same force, majesty, resistless attributes that they believed to be incarnate in their deities, and homage became proud emulation. Their poems, transmitted in their greatest purity through the Icelandic bards, "have no parallel," as the Howitts declare, "in all the treasures of ancient

literature; they are the expressions of the souls of poets existing in the primeval and un-effeminated earth.

Odin, the chief personage in the Norse mythology, with all his varied gifts-he was a matchless orator, the most valiant of warriors, commanding, eloquent, all-discerning-is also described as being eminently skilled in music. "He could sing airs so tender and melodious that the rocks would respond with delight, while the spirits of the infernal regions would stand motionless around him, attracted by the sweetness of his strains. He knew also how to sing lays; and his pontiffs were called masters of the lay, because they first intro-duced that art into the North."

But Necken, the Swedish river-god, is the true Northern muse, the god of song. That exquisite creation of the sculptor Molin—his fountain, which, after exciting unbounded admiration at the Industrial Exhibition in Stockholm, in 1866, was executed in bronze, and erected as a monumental work on the same spot that it had occupied in the

temporary building-illustrates a scene in Necken's life, his visit to the sea-god, Aegir, and his daughters, for whom he plays the harp. Franz Hedberg, the noted Swedish poet and playwright, describes the scene beautifully in verse. The majestic god, having somewhat of a human solicitude for his daughters, desires that one of them may become the bride of the young Necken, and in order to bring the divine singer within the resistless influence of their charms, he tells the nymphs to prepare a banquet and set forth the foaming mead, for he is going to invite a rare guest, one dear to them all, Necken! To that one of his daughters who is able to captivate the melancholy god, and induce him to abandon field and dale, he promises Necken as an eternal mate, in the hope also that the eloquent and melodious voice of the minstrel may sing his, the sea-god's, power for evermore. And the daughters smile artfully. Each wishes to charm the god of song, whose harp tones have delighted them the whole night through, and each has the thought: "With beauty's



MOLIN'S BRONZE FOUNTAIN, NECKEN, THE SWEDING RIVER-

him!" But Ran, the mother, quite silent, draws her veil more closely over her pale brow, and utters a warning: "Be not so confident, my daughters: think, if he held another dear ?" Her words prove true, and the poem "I cannot love ye," at the head of this article, is the answer Necken gives.

The most beautiful legend of the North is that of Aslög, afterwards the mother of those ambitious and indomitable youths known throughout Europe as Ragnar Lodbrok's sons, to whom the dreaded Norse leader, Hastings, proposed the conquest of Rome, that the crown of Rome might be placed on Björn Jernsida's head, and all the kingdoms of the world behold their glory. Aslög was made an orphan when very young; her father, Sigurd Fafnisbane, in Germany, "was one of the greatest heroes of all those nations who spoke the Northern language," her mother the amazon, Brynhilda the Fair; when they had suffered misfortunes and death, Heimer, their daughter's foster-father, took the three-years old girl, and put her, together with some valuables of gold and silver, into an ingeniously constructed harp, and fled toward the North. At springs he bathed the child, and "when she sometimes wept, thinking hersel solitary and abandoned, he struck the harp with so masterly a hand, that the maid became silent and listened to it." After a time, Heimer sought lodgings with an old cottar and his wife in Norway; but one day they happened to see a bit of costly fabric sticking out from the harp, and the glitter of a gold bracelet from under the stranger's shabby coat, so they treacherously murdered the newly arrived guest, broke the harp to pieces, and, to their amazement, found the little girl. They gave out that she was their daughter, clad her in coarse, soiled clothes, and set her at tending the flocks and other menial occupations. Aslög pretended to be dumb, and never spoke. When she grew up the fame of her extraordinary beauty reached the king, Ragnar Lodbrok, who was then ruler of Sweden and Denmark, and he sent to invite her to come to him. Aslog became an incomparable wife, mother, queen, and, as it would seem, poet and musician as well; for it is recorded that "the famous king, Ragnar Lodbrok, his queen Aslög, and his adventurous sons, who distinguished them selves by their maritime incursions into England and France in the ninth century, were all

> of the most celebrated lays that has been transmitted to posterity from the North. These two scenes from Aslog's romantic and eventful life have been portrayed by the Swedish artists, A. Malmström and M. E. Winge. The former, "King Heimer and Aslög," represents the child listening to the harp-playing with rapt attention; it was painted in Dusseldorf, sent home and received a royal medal; the latter shows Aslog sitting in proud beauty on a rock by the seash awaiting the king and the king's homage; it is a picture of fascinat-ing power, and reveals a new type of womanhood.

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There is said to be a catalogue in existence containing the names of two hundred and thirty of the most distinguished skalds or bards, from the ninth century to the reign of Waldeman II., and although it cannot be positively assumed that their improvisations we musical as well, it is safe to affirm that in many instances such lays were accompanied by the tones of the harp, or at least chanted; for the deep emotions and passions, the heroism, the ardour that sought expression in exalted poetic strains, would as naturally flow into music. Professor Keyser, in his "Private Life of the Old Norsemen," says: "Whether the old 'skalds' used to sing their poetical compositions, or merely recite them, cannot be ascertained with

any certainty; but it is more than probable that the latter method was the one most generally employed." Still he asserts that music was a favourite diversion among the old Northmen in the remotest ages of paganism; though, in those far back times, it was probably of a very primitive kind, and was confined only to singing, or to a few instruments of a very rude description. Primitive as the art was among them, however, he cites a highly significant circumstance: "It is worthy of notice that there is an old tradition extant that the ancient Britons in Wales and in Cornwall had learnt the art of singing in polytons, at a very remote period, from the Northmen, a circumstance which may lead one to suppose that the art of singing was, to a certain degree, cultivated by the old pagens of Scandinavia."

That they subsequently made as great adva-

in the arts as in warfare, is shown by this tribats from Grenville Pigott: "If we consult the Icelandic sagas, many of which are faithful and unpretending pictures of the manners of the times in which and

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they were written, we shall find that the Scandinavians were by no means unacquainted with the comforts and even the luxuries of life; that they ere skilful mechanics; held music and poetry in the highest esteem; have some claim to the invention of oil-painting; and, above all, in their relations with the weaker sex, showed a degree of refinement and generosity which we may look for in vain amongst the Greeks and Romans in their highest civilization.

Among string instruments the harp was unquestionably the most ancient, as it is spoken of in several places in the old Eddas; and Jarl Rögnvald, who was born and brought up in Norway, enumerates, in a poem he wrote early in the twelfth century, harpplaying as one of the accomplishments he prided himself the most on." The harps were said to be very large; one of the sagor speaks of " a grown wo being able to stand upright in the hollow space underneath the sounding-board." Mention is also made of the musicians using a kind of glove, furnished with small nails or hooks of metal, when they wanted to produce very powerful sounds from the instrument. The lur, a long horn of birch bark, still used on the mountains of Norway by the peasants for calling their cattle, seems to be the most aucient wind instrument. It was then used as a martial instrument to call the people to meetings. The simpler kind of wind instruments, made out of metal, such as trumpets, bugles, &c., for a long time went by the same name. Horns were sometimes made out of bucks' horns; then came the pipe; "the younger sagas speak of it," says Keyser, "as having been employed in connection with other musical instruments at banquets and other grand occasions." Such occasions were frequent and on a scale of princely magnificence; more lavish hospitality has never been indulged in by any nation than we read of among the ancient Scandinavians. Special houses were very often built for festive occasions, while the buildings were always extremely spacious, sometimes two hundred feet long, the banqueting-hall running the entire length; it was no rare occurrence for the guests to number several hundreds; in fact, at one great banquet twelve hundred guests are mentioned. The person who gave a banquet or entertainment was consequently obliged, even if he were a wealthy man, to borrow table furniture, bedding, &c., from his friends and neighbours. Luxury and refined enjoyment demanded music on all such occasions, just as much as in modern times

A very good approach to an orchestra could have been made with harps, horns, violins, and viols—and these they had; all of these are spoken of in the Sagas. Snorre Sturleson relates that both the viol and violin were of remote antiquity in the North, "for in speaking of Hugleik, king of Upsala," he says, "in his 'hird' he had all kinds of musicians, harpists, players on the viol and fiddle;" and concerning the Swedish king, Olof Skötkonung, who embraced Christianity in the year 1000, being baptized at the spring near the old Husaby church, still standing in Sweden, he relates that "when the dishes were set on the king's table, the musicians entered the apartment with harps, viols, and other musical instruments."

In the Gottenburg Museum there are two curious old musical instruments, one of them, "ur foelan," described on the label as coming originally from Sweden and the first attempt at a fiddle (French violin, a word that seems to derive its grigin from the Swedish foela); but this is much more modern than those Snorre describes, having been made in 1472; it derives its interest from the fact that it has for four centuries belonged to a rich peasant family in the Jönköping district and been played by them. The other instrument is a hammarpipa, that was found in Dalhem parish, and played during the singing in the church, then built, in 1200. same musical instrument, as one is informed, appears still in China, where it is called "yangkin," and in Japan, under the name "taki goto."

Prof. Keyser also observes that "the organ and

two other instruments, the simple and psalterium are mentioned very frequently in the mythical sagas of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at which period it may therefore be assumed that they were both known and used in Norway. At the commencement of the fourteenth century organs were not only used in Norway, but were even manufactured there. . . . The simplo was probably a kind of wind instrument of the Middle Ages, and the psalterium either a kind of harp or a handorgan." A very interesting description of his of the dances in vogue among the Norsemen-a combination of ballet and opera-I give entire: "The style of dancing adopted by the old Northmen, and which seems to have been peculiar to them, was very different from the dance of a later date. It was accompanied with singing, and musical instruments-at least in the remotest times-do not seem to have been made use of. The dancers used to dance to the air of the songs, which they sang themselves, and which were varied in their nature; at one time being love songs, at another of a sati-rical character, and sometimes of an historical nature. They were termed dansar, and it was one of their peculiarities that the participators in them had to adapt their features according to their tenor. Both sexes used to participate in this recreation. When they danced to these mansongs-visur (lovesongs), it seems that the men and women had parts allotted to them, which they sang alternately. . . . Dancing to songs of a varied, frequently of an historical, character were in vogue in Iceland as late as the first part of the eighteenth century. Each of the dancers had his part to perform, which, together with the costume they wore, was adapted to the circumstances of the case. Dancing to instrumental music appears to have been in vogue in the fourteenth century, if not at an earlier date, and was probably introduced from abroad. In the mythical sagas of Herraud several dances to the harp are mentioned.'

It is not impossible that the dance-plays, with the melodies belonging to them, that have been hunted up in different parts of Sweden by the indefatigable Upsala students, during their summer vacutions, afterwards delighting winter audiences in the gay capital with their inimitable performance of them, in peasant costume, are a reminiscence of the ancient Norse amusement. However that may be, it is universally recognized in Sweden that these dancing students, who are a separate corps from the singing students, sufficiently famous already, are pursuing a very valuable line of research, in finding and preserving these old folk-dances and tunes. one parallel to that of August Bondeson, in collecting the Swedish folk-sagor, which he has published in several admirable volumes. The outside world does not imagine the treasures that are locked up in the Swedish language! A Swedish lady, Eva Vigström, is not only a zealous collector of folksagor, and of all kinds of funny stories, in dialect, but of folk-visor (folk-songs). S. Grundtvig asserts that "the original national unity of the Scandinavian North appears nowhere more clearly than in its folk-poesy and folk-belief," and the period to which these belong he declares to be the Middle Ages, or from the twelfth to the sixteenth century; it is consequently these epic-lyrical folk-songs from the Middle Ages, of which Eva Vigström, Afzelius Geijer, and others have been able to obtain specimens, handed down verbally to the present century. What first strikes one is that the unity is everywhere the same, whether the folk-songs are taken from the provinces of Northern Sweden, from the Norwegian Telemark, from Iceland or the Furöe Islands, or from the Danish Isles.

He exclaims: "There is still much to be done in Sweden to save what can be saved of other folkmementoes orally preserved, as well as of the old folk-songs;" but how much remains to be done by England and the United States before these treasures of their past history are made accessible to them by being published in the English tongue! MARIE A. BROWN. What shall we Play?

or, Music in the House.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By Dr. CARL REINECKE.

-: 0:-

My DEAR AND PATIENT FRIEND:

Your children undoubtedly possess talent, diligence and love for music, for without these they would not, in the time you mention, have made the progress which you describe with motherly pride. Be glad of this, dear madam, and don't fail to continue the lessons. If, on the contrary, a child should, after a few months of instruction, not notice when it plays with both hands in Sevenths instead of in Octaves—if it persists in changing in one piece from \$ to \$ time, just as it may find convenient-one should no longer torture it with music lessons. It is, fortunately, not necessary for every one to play the piano. And who knows whether in such a music-forsaken child an Achenbach or Thorwaldsen may not be hidden? Try your luck, then, with a plastic art.

It is your particular wish that the little folks should now soon learn to play something by the classical composers-at least something by Haydn or Mozart. Do not hurry this, dear madam. think it wrong to give classical compositions too soon. Because Mozart and Haydn offer in many of their sonatas only slight technical difficulties, one likes to consider and use these as instructive pieces, forgetting that one spoils one's pleasure in these works, as essentially works of art, for a long while, if not for ever. A short time ago, I hazarded playing sonatas by Mozart and Haydn at larger concerts, and met everywhere afterwards people with astonished faces, who said—"We never knew that these little sonatas contained so much poetry, and that they could sound so beautiful, and even so brilliant, for we have only heard them toilsomely played by our children." Do not, therefore, approach these masters too soon. The child does not at once require poetical compositions, but simply needs wholesome fare, to supply which, excellent material is provided in the Sonatinas, Sonatas and Rondos of Clementi, Kuhlau, Diabelli, Auton Krause, Alban Forster, &c. I name here : Clementi, Sonatinas, Op. 36; Kuhlau, Sonatinas, Op. 20, Op. 55 (1-3); Diabelli, Sonatinas for Four Hands, Op. 24 and 54; Krause, Op. 20; Reinicke, Op. 127, No. 1-4 (these have appeared for two and four hands); the same author's Op. 107. A New Music-Book for Little Folks (Book I.); and in order that the classical composers may not be entirely absent : Beethoven's Duet-Sonata, Op. 6; and Haydn, Il maestro e lo scolare. This last work generally affords great amusement to the pupil, because the master himself first plays every motiv which the pupil has to play afterwards. As exercise in reading may be used the collection "Our Favourite Tunes" (at first Book I). If little violin or cello players be in the house, one can use this same collection arranged for piano and violin by David, or for violoncello arranged by J. Klengel. Capital material for practice is offered also by the sonatinas for piano and violin by Hauptmann, Op. 10; Pleyel, Op. 48; and Kuhlau, Op. 88. All sickly drawing-room pieces are to be avoided. These are really calculated only to deceive the hearer, because they are easy, and yet "sound like something." They spoil the player's taste, and deceive him as to his ability. Children do not become healthy men by being fed on sweetmeats. The mental as well as the bodily fare must be simple and strengthening," says Schumann in his "Advice to Young Musicians." These are words truly worth considering. The

only use in the playing of these drawing-room pieces may be to cultivate the player's sense of elegance. We often fear to appear elegant, in order that we may not be thought frivolous. And yet, what an enormous difference exists between these two qualities! And how important in so many classical works is an elegant rendering of the same! Nobody can do full justice to the A minor Rondo of Mozart, the F minor Variations of Haydn, the Larghetto of the C minor Concerto of Beethoven, who cannot play them at the same time with deep feeling and consummate elegance. I remind you of Rubinstein's interpretation of such pieces. Chopin, Mendelssohn and others, especially demand the highest elegance. To acquire this we do not need such drawing-room pieces, for men like Hummel, Weber, Moscheles, &c., have written many easier works, which offer the player an opportunity of exercising himself in elegant play. You smile, dear madam, that an old musician thus pleads for elegance. Well, in everyday life I lay no claim to pass as an elegant person, but I should not like people to say that I play the C sharp-major Fugue of Bach like a bear.

(To be continued.)

A Fallen Star.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "St. Cecilia,"
"The Chilcotes," &c.

HE was a grave girl, grave and serious beyond her years, else she would not have kept on visiting in her district as she did. For a while it was the fashion among great ladies and idle young men to go "slumming in the east of London; but the craze for humanity when it is taken up merely because for the moment it happens to be the approved whim, is usually quickly abandoned.

Margaret Hillary had not followed the fashion, though she had possibly helped to set it: a more serious strain in her nature which could not lightly be satisfied with light things-an eager impulse to answer the cry of a great need-had early turned her thoughts this way, and wearing the protecting garb of a Sisterhood she had now for some years gone in and out among the haunts of her outcast brothers and sisters, giving herself more and more to the work that called aloud to be done. It was not pleasant work, it was often even hideous, and it was depressing in spite of the accidental humour that relieved it; but with a gentle unashamed courage that never forsook or betrayed her, she went her quiet way, and though she met with open suspicion and distrust, with opposition, sometimes even with insult, in course of time she had made many friends. The poor are slow to give their trust; and no wonder, considering the impertinent intrusions, the pokings, pryings, and gratuitous advices to which they are subjected; but when they give it, they give generously.

She was in a dingy room one night in a dark and melancholy court, where a woman lay ill. The nature of her illness was at first mysterious, and she manifested a most unusual reluctance to describe her symptoms; but long experience had quickened Sister Margaret's insight into motive and character, and she knew what this hesitation

"You have a terrible bruise, and here is a bad cut which you needn't attempt to hide. Did you have a fall?"

"Shure an' it was just a fall, Sister," said the patient, putting a great deal of eagerness into her weak voice; "it was in the dhark-it's niver a candle we've got-an' it was against the chimbley I come

"That's a lie!" suddenly proclaimed a gruff voice coming out of the darkness. "You knows I did it, Polly, when I was that drunk I couldn't

"He didn't mean no harm, Sister dear," said the woman, pleading still with the strange, longsuffering love of her sex.

The man gave an inarticulate growl, which might mean either acquiescence or denial, but Margaret turned on him quickly.

"Then since this is your doing, Harris," she said in her clear calm tones, "you can best show your repentance by helping me to do something to ease your wife. Go out, in the first place, and buy a candle. Here is money for it." But it presently appeared that Harris was incapable of doing this errand, on the very common ground that he lacked the necessary wardrobe, which even in the far country of the east a man must possess before he shows himself to his fellows. It was not difficult to guess the present abiding place of Harris's coat and shoes, and Polly eagerly explained that they had been pawned on her account.

Margaret, who was quick of resource, crossed the passage and tapped at the opposite door. She believed herself to know something of the tenant, but the dwellers in the court were so constantly changing that it was hardly a matter of surprise when a stranger presented himself at the door. It was so dark that she barely made out that it was a youngish man who came at her summons, but she noticed with a faint motion of wonder that he removed his hat in her presence. In this part of the world no man dreams of baring his head before a woman.

"I beg your pardon," said Margaret, who was always gently courteous, "I thought Mrs. Sparks was still here.

"I have just come," the stranger answered; "can I do anything for you?"

Margaret paused a perceptible moment. It was too dark for her to see the man's face, but there was in his voice the unmistakable ring that betrays education and some measure of refinement. It cannot be hidden, and here, among the rough accents of the uncultured, her ear was quick to catch it. What did the owner of such a voice do here? She knew the room; had seen it only two days ago during the reign of Mrs. Sparks. It was even more dingy, more dilapidated, more comfortless than that occupied by Harris and Polly, and that was saying much.

"Don't hesitate," said the voice again, with a slightly ironical ring in it; "you are doubtless thinking my ability to serve another is not overwhelmingly great-still-

Margaret coloured in the darkness.

"There is a poor woman in the next room who has been injured," she said, "and who requires attention, but we have no means of obtaining a light."

"That, at least, I can supply," he said, turning

She heard the grating sound of a match, and presently a small glimmer of light revealed the room, unchanged in its forlorn barrenness; but she studiously avoided looking into the stranger's face as she took the candle from him. The hand that gave it into her keeping she saw, however; it was not the hand of a toiler; it was smooth and slim a hand that accorded with the voice.

Next day Margaret saw the stranger more osely. She found him, indeed, seated by the side of Polly's bed. Polly had been pretty low, "clean out of her head," as a neighbour on a lower floor had volubly explained to the Sister, and "'Arris" had gone on the tramp, looking for the work that was never to be found, having first redeemed certain portions of his forfeited wardrobe. Margaret wondered passingly whence had come the means to do

The watcher rose as she entered.

"I've been trespassing on your ground," he said again with that hint, half of flippancy, half of irony in his voice. "I resign my task now to abler hands."

"I thank you for your help," said Margaret

She looked him this time full in the face: it was not a very good face, though it had been a handsome

one before a reckless life of self-indulgence had marred it, yet it hinted at gentle traditions and spoke to her of surroundings very different from those in which she first saw it. When a man has known twenty-five years of refinement and culture, you cannot stamp all traces of that earlier record out of his face, even by five years of riot in the far country. His eyes fell before her calm scrutiny, his mocking smile ceased: he looked ashamed. It was a long time since he had seen a lady.

turning in his embarrassment to the sufferer on the bed. Polly was quiet indeed, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. "If you should want me—if she turns restless and you want help-I'm here at hand. I shall be here till evening.

He turned to go away, but Margaret's voice arrested him. "My name is Margaret Hillary," she said; "they call me Sister Margaret. By what name may I call you ?"

He laughed a little hardly to hide some growing sense of shame.

"I answer to the name of Smith," he said. "The family of the Smiths is legion, but it doesn't pretend to be aristocratic-a disreputable cousin more or less won't hurt its feelings."

"And so you use this instead of your own name?" she questioned. "Well, one's father's and mother's name is a responsible possession."

"A possession one may forfeit, you would say; and doubtless you are right in the value you place on it, in spite of the poet. Nevertheless, Miss Hillary, you need not scorn my services should the worthy Polly here demand them. Smith is as good at that sort of work as another."

"I will claim your help if it should be required," she said calmly. She did not resent the rudene of his address, being used to much plainness of speech, and she looked after him as he passed out with something less than indifference. He was shabby and disreputable enough, in all truth, but he carried his head defiantly, as if he would prove to her that he cared not at all what her thoughts of him might be. And yet he cared deeply, for she belonged to the life he had left behind-the life he had rendered himself unfit to share, and she stirred the regrets he had done his best to stifle into quickened life.

She saw him no more that day, but in the evening, when she had left Polly in a neighbour's hands and was going home, she was arrested for a moment outside his closed door by a sound of music that came from within. It was strange music to come from such a place, and from such a player. Margaret trembled involuntarily as she listened, held there without power to go away. It was the violin-the instrument of all others which most readily yields itself to every pulse of emotion on which he played, and as it thrilled and wailed in anguished notes sad as death, it seemed to her as if he were laying bare his very soul before her, with all its infidelities revealed. It was the cry of one who had chosen darkness rather than lightwho suffers the despair of an irremediable choice.

Something of this he who called himself Smith indeed felt. Margaret had come to him as one from another world to show him how low he had fallen: in the years of his exile he had half forgotten the ways and manners of his order, and had succeeded excellently, as he thought, in adapting himself to the swine and husks which are the prodigal's portion; but a glance at Margaret's calm, sweet face had wakened all the old torturing memories. He had thought to dispel them by giving his emotion voice on his violin-the one link that bound him to the past; but as Margaret listened, so strangely moved, there came across his mind one of those sudden changes that made every steady effort towards reform so difficult to him; the atmosphere was shifted, the wailing sounds died away, and there succeeded a wild, reckless, un bridled burst of harsh passages, in which the evilest passions seemed to strive with each other to quench every spark of remorse or shame. Margaret went away, sad and sick at heart.

"She's quiet enough now, poor soul," he said,

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It was a day or two before she again saw him, and it was then at a rather late hour at night, when after a day of sad dispiritment among the sick and the sorrowful for whom she could do little, she was going home. He was standing in the dimly lit doorway, and he turned as her light step sounded on the stair.

"It is too late for you to be out here—and alone," he said without other preface; "will you allow me to walk with you till you get beyond the court? Or," he added quickly, "if you are ashamed to be seen with such as I am, I will take the liberty of walking behind you."

He was not a companion to be proud of; he had an air of having been out all night and asleep all day in his clothes, but she did not hesitate an instant.

"I am not afraid," she said, "but I will be glad if you will walk with me a little way, if you have nothing to do." She noticed that he carried his violin-case under his arm.

"My working hours don't begin yet," he said.

"What is your work?"

"I am the Paganini of the public-houses and music-halls of this charming neighbourhood," he said, with an air of bravado that was ill assumed; "the folk hereabouts like to get drunk to the strains of my violin, and I am quite willing to gratify them. 'That is my profession, Miss Hillary. I needn't ask if you approve; doubtless you believe with other philanthropists in the elevating effects of music on the masses

She looked at him with sad rebuke in her grey

"What sort of music do you play?" she asked.

"I play the accompaniments to songs such as you never heard of, such as you could not even dream of; they are never so much as whispered in your world, but they are very well received here."

While he was still speaking one of the gutter children who swarm in this neighbourhood—a mere baby-stumbled and caught at Margaret's dress. She stooped to pick the little one up, and he involuntarily started forward to help her. As she took the child in her arms to comfort it, he noticed that there were tears in her eyes. They could not be there for the little one who was not hurt at all; could it be-could it possibly be-that they were there-for him P

"Do you care?" he said huskily. "Does it really trouble you-this that I have been telling you?

"Care!" she cried, flashing round on him with a sudden fire that dried her tears; "do you think one can come here day after day and see all this sin and misery, and not care? Was it not enough for you to fall away from goodness yourself-must you take pleasure in helping to drag others down too? You were not always like this. Oh, I know! I heard it in your music; you knew betterthese-what chance have they had? Oh! I think I should have killed myself rather than have helped to swell this dreadful flood of wickedness

He stood with bowed head under her scathing words-he deserved them all, and therein lay their sharpest sting; but his very soul seemed to shrivel under them.

"You have a right to despise and scorn me," he walk with you, I—I will go now."

"I think you had no right," she said, with a sad,

pitying rebukefulness in her look.

A deep flush mounted to his brow: he looked pitiable enough as he stood there before her, his battered hat in his hand, his head bowed on his breast. No right to walk with her, to protect her, even to breathe the same air with her. He had flung away his claims years ago; his presence was an offence and dishonour to her.

"I will go away," he said; and strengthened by that resolution he lifted his head and looked at her. How fair she was, how severe, how pure. "You will forget that I ever darkened your path. But before I leave you would you care if I were to promise-my word isn't good for much, but you may trust it this once—that I should never lend myself to such music again ?'

"Yes, I should care—I should care very much," she said earnestly. "You mean that you will never again encourage the people to sing or to listen to those songs you spoke of—that you will only play music that will help them to have better thoughts ?"

"I mean it."

"Thank you!" she said simply, "I am glad. And I think you need not go away, because if you do this we shall not be enemies any longer.'

He stood looking after her as she passed away from him—a tall, slim figure in her long, loose cloak. She did not know in her simplicity what she had asked of him. If he were to abandon his place in the music-hall, where was his daily bread to come from? Teach them a better sort of music, she had said; but he knew they were not ready yet for anything better, and that the coarser items in the programme "fetched" the audience as did nothing else. His violin had been an attraction which landlords welcomed at their public-houses these, too, he must clearly abandon, since he played the part of an Orpheus who lured men to destruction; with the public-houses went also the cheap "gaffs" and "sing-songs," where the inhabitants of the slums find their nightly recreation. In one or other of these he had always found a ready engagement, by which he could earn at least enough to keep body and soul together; and now, in a moment, by his own act, these doors were shut upon him. Well, she had said that this promise of his made her glad. It was worth starving for, to give her a momentary gleam of satisfaction

Margaret heard a good deal from time to time about "the baronet" as some local wit, recognizing his superior station, had dubbed him, but for a long time she did not meet him again. He had kept his word, but he could not forget her scorn.

'Arris" was still on the tramp, but Polly, in her intervals of anxiety about her partner, had many stories to tell of her neighbour's kindness. "An' shure, it's little he has himsilf, poor gintle-

man, for it's quarrelled he has wid the gintleman at the hall, so they tell me."

"Quarrelled?" said Margaret hastily, and then a neighbour who had lounged in to gossip with Polly, explained that "the baronet" had been giving himself airs, and had refused to play for a lady whose name was down for several popular songs, and that the manager had there and then dismissed him.

Margaret said nothing, but when she had left Polly she knocked hesitatingly at the stranger's

"Come in," called a voice from within; but before he glanced up she surprised a look on his face of weariness and depression. He was standing in a listless attitude by the window; he looked shabbier than before, and his room was utterly bare of all comfort. When he saw her standing in his doorway, a deep flush mounted to his brow; he had been drawing many comparisons during those idle hours when he had nothing else to do, and it seemed but to accentuate the difference of their lot to see her standing there, a witness to the poverty and degradation of his surroundings. In those weeks since first he saw her, it mattered a great deal to him what she thought of him.

Margaret stood still, and said with some hesita-

"It is late; will you walk with me a little way ?" He could not refuse; though he felt it might have been better for him if he could. Instinctively he took down his violiu from its place on the wall, and they passed together down the dark stairs and out into the grim, grey streets.

"You have brought your violin," she said; "I wish there was some quiet place where you could

play to me."

"I lifted it out of habit, I suppose," he said.

"It is an old and faithful friend. If you really care to hear it, there is a churchyard close by here—not a lively place, but my Cremona has lost its trick of being merry, and the scene will be in keeping.

She followed him down a little lane to the graveyard which surrounded an old church. In the pale, cold light of the late summer evening it was a dismal place enough, not then, as now, turned into a fair summer garden; but she showed neither shrinking from the place nor from her guide. She leaned against the high railing that surrounded a grave, and standing a little way off he drew the bow across the strings and played to her. It was a very gentle, sad and sweet music that he drew from the Cremona, and she underthat he drew from the Uremona, and she under-stood instinctively that he was a master in his art; he gave her of his best, and the violin pleaded with her for something less than her scorn. Margaret was indeed not scornful to-night, and all her impulses were towards helpfulness. If she could but help—but how? Then a sudden in-

"I have some friends," she said, "in another part of London-a long way from here, who would be glad to have lessons from so skilled a teacher as you—if you care—" She hesitated, beginning to see the difficulties that beset this plan.

He was even quicker to see them than she. "This is all the London I have known for five years," he said. "That other London you speak of is dead to me and I to it. It would have none of me, even if I re-entered it as a repentant prodigal which, for quite sufficient reasons, is impossible. I thank you, Miss Hillary, for stooping to think of me, but I am not worthy of one regretful thought from you."

"But," she spoke urgently, "you have lost your engagements."

"That, at least, you can hardly regret."
"Nor you either," she said quickly; "but it

leaves you with unemployed time." I have found something to do, some work for my old friend here, that we can do even in passing from your presence. As for the idle hours of an idle life—they are yours if you will use them."

"Oh," she said, with a touch of weary impatience, "it is not for me to command another. The work is here, all around us, crying out to be done. It can't be mistaken, it can't be passed over; how could one live if one passed by un-heeding on the other side?" She spoke more to herself than to her companion, as they walked quickly down one poor street after another. When they reached a broad, lighted thoroughfare, she turned and held out her hand.

"Good-night," she said, "I am quite safe now, and not at all afraid. If you will come to-morrow to this address-" she jotted one down in her notebook and handed him the leaf-"there is help wanted there that you might render."

"I will come," he said, taking her offered hand for a moment in his own with a strange emotion: it was years since a good woman had offered him

He was at the address she had given next day waiting for her. There was work enough, as she had said, to do. The autumn brought more than, its usual measure of ill-health to the airless courts and alleys, which seemed as if planned to encourage the ravages of fever and cholera. It was little one pair of hauds could do to check the inroads of sickness, but Margaret toiled without a thought of herself; and always now beside her, humbly waiting to do her bidding, was he whom she was learning to think of and count on as a

He was not skilled in nursing, but he could run errands; his strength came in where hers failed, and his earlier habit of culture quickened his per-ceptions and made him swift to divine and fulfil her wishes. When he could do nothing else he would amuse the children in some poor home with his music, and Margaret passing by would smile and say that the sweet strains rested her.

By degrees the old courtesies of life which he had so studiously done his best to forget were

coming back to him; his face lost its look of devilmay-care, willing recklessness and dissipation; and with a cleaner life there came back to it a gleam of the innocence of boyhood. "The baronet," nameless Smith of nowhere, might seem to be growing too good for his associates, except that he had never before been so near in sympathy to the poor among whom he had cast his lot.

Sister Margaret was called one day to the aid of a little child, severely injured by a fall down one of the crazy, unprotected stairs that are the

rule in this quarter.

Smith overheard the message and followed her. The little one lay moaning and tossing restlessly

on a wretched bed, by the side of which stood the mother, her arms akimbo, and a scowl on her brow—her sole feeling one of injured indignation at the new trouble that had fallen upon her.

"I believe she done it a-purpose to worrit me," she addressed the visitors; and then she turned fiercely on the child—"Drat ye, be still and let Sister see to yer, or I'll kill yer!

Margaret had rested little for many days and nights; she was worn, faint and dispirited, and the harsh words were like a rough hand laid on a bruise. She turned faint and white. Smith sprang forward.

"This is a case for a doctor," he said with authority in his voice. "You can't help here. I'll fetch him."

"But if I could do anything," she said faintly.
"You can do nothing yet;" he arrested the mother's voluble complaint with a look she was compelled to obey. "I'll go for him at once, but you must rest till he comes."

She yielded, too weary too resist-but where to rest? He hesitated a moment as he followed her out into the court, and then he said-

"If you don't mind coming to my room, it is quieter there than any place I can think of here."

"Very well," said Margaret passively. She had learned to lean on him with a sort of trust in the days of stress when they had fought a hopeless battle together. In this sort of warfare the artificial conventionalities get stripped off and one comes face to face with the real.

It was a comparatively quiet refuge to which he led her, and though it was blameless of all comfort it was clean; so much of the instincts of a gentleman he had retained.

Margaret sat down by the open window, and waited whilst he went upon his errand. At first she was glad to sit still and not even to think, but by-and-by, when the solitude had rested her a little, she began to ponder on this man's life with an infinite yearning pity for its lost chances. She looked round the bare room-a table, a chair, a bed, and the Cremona hanging on the wall-that was all; and yet its appointments were luxurious compared with those of the homes all round him. On the table near her side lay an open book. A book is a very rare possession in this neighbour-hood. Literature, indeed, is chiefly represented by a few ancient Family Bibles displayed year after year in the windows of the pawn-shops, and she instinctively put out her hand to lift and look at it. It was an old and well-worn copy of Marcus Aurelius, by the light of whose philosophy her friend had striven to walk through the dark places of his chosen path. As she turned it over, noticing the scored passages here and there, it fell open at the fly-leaf, on which in clear characters a name was written. She glanced at it carelessly, hardly knowing what she did; but as she repeated the name aloud it seemed to fall on her ear with a strange familiarity, that suddenly became a dreadful certainty. This, then, was the secret of Smith. She let the book fall, and hid her face in her hands. She had heard that name often-long ago. She was twenty-six now, and five years ago she had spent her third and last season in the fashionable world of society. A young man of fortune and birth, who had come much before the public as an amateur musician of rare skill, had that year provided it with a very fertile subject of talk-in

short, with the scandal of the season. 'It was a terrible and disgraceful story, and even as she recalled the memory of it, her face burned with vicarious shame. She understood now why he had hid himself in this Alsatia: the law had let him escape its clutch, indeed, but society refused to tolerate him in her midst-and this man was her

She was still sitting, overwhelmed by the agitation of her discovery, when a step she had learned to know sounded on the stair. She started up and faced him, shaken but brave. "I must tell you," she said; "I didn't mean to be dishonourable, but I picked up your book and I saw there-

"You found out my secret," he said.

There was a long silence between them, and then he said in a voice that had grown strangely hope-

"Well, it is only a little sooner. I meant to tell you, before you went back to your own world and left me in mine; but while you were here I could

not have borne your scorn."
"My scorn!" she cried, and then moved by some strange new feeling that stirred in her, and forgetting her first aversion and recoil in her great desire to help him, she said pleadingly—" You talk of my world; it is your world too. You will go back to it; you have repented-you have suffered. Five years is a long time of expiation."

"A lifetime isn't enough," he said sadly; "I shut the door upon myself. I have suffered—yes, but I thought I had learned not to care, till I met you. You have been very generous to me; you gave me your friendship when you must have seen that I little deserved it. Though we may never meet again, I will try to be worthy of it in all the years I may have to live."

The tears were in Margaret's eyes; some impetuous speech was on her lips, but her words were checked by the coming of the doctor, and with a rush all the forgotten trials and cares of her appointed work fell back upon her.

The doctor and she were old allies, and they went together to see the child; but before she left the room she turned and said-" I wish to see you again this evening before I leave."

The doctor smiled behind his beard. "Sister Margaret treats her subjects like a queen," he said to himself; but Margaret's imperious words covered a hidden fear that he would go before she could plead again.

As she sat by her little patient's bed her thoughts were all in a whirl, out of which there gradually emerged a steady purpose. She had known his mother, who now lived in retirement, no doubt an ashamed and stricken woman; it would not be difficult to renew that acquaintance, and surely still less difficult to secure her as an ally. She would speak to him of his mother; here was an argument that must move him. And his own world would take him back; of that, in her innocence and inexperience, she had little doubt; the Divine mercy asked but that a man should repent and amend his ways. The men and women who professed to walk by that example could not ask

The doctor had advised that the child should be moved to a hospital, and Margaret had promised to see if there were room for the case in one in which the members of her Sisterhood were interested. This errand took her from her work earlier than usual, and it was still not quite dark when she set out, joined at the entrance to the court by her companion.

He wished she had not asked him to go with her, and yet he could not have held himself from

"I shall never forget your goodness in letting me go with you to-night-for the last time," he

"Why should it be the last?" she answered, rather tremulously. "It is wrong to be so hopeless. One may live down one's past and begin again."

"The world's memory isn't short enough; the new beginning isn't for this life."

"I knew your mother," she began again, "for her sake-

"Poor mother!" he said, with a touch of the old irony, "she has got used to her burden: it is a martyrdom that has almost grown pleasant. My return would be only a new sorrow to her."

"Is there nothing that would make you change your mind?" she said wistfully. In her eagerness she had paused in the narrow street, and stood facing him.

It was a hard question, and for a moment the temptation was almost greater than he could bear, His heart beat tumultuously and there was a rushing sound in his ears. He might have yielded and have spoken wild, hot words, which he should for ever after have regretted. But the answer was arrested on his lips. They were so busy with their own emotions that they did not hear the din of horses' feet coming onwards in wild uncontrol till the heavy waggon was close upon them. It all happened in one quick flash of time, and Margaret never clearly realized what had occurred till she found herself standing safe on the pavement and saw a little knot of people gathered round a prostrate figure on the road.

They carried him home, and the doctor came again, but after a look he turned away.

'There's nothing to be done, Sister: he'll go off by morning, and probably never regain consciousness. I think you need hardly wait."

"I will wait," she said, in a strange calm voice.

They left her alone at last, and in a little while her prayer was answered and he became conscious. A very happy smile crossed his face when he saw

her sitting there.

"This is what I used to think would make dying easy," he said faintly, " to have you going with me to the very beginning of the new journey. best solution of everything, too: a soiled life like mine isn't easily made clean, and I might only have disappointed you."

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"Don't you know what you have done?" she said; "you have given your life for me."

"Well," he said, "it was a good exchange, andand I always wanted to do something for you. Will you sing to me?" he said, after a little; "I heard you once singing to a child.

It was the last thing she could do for him, and with a supreme effort she controlled her voice and sang. He seemed to sleep, lulled by the low, soft sounds, but he roused himself to say-

"Will you take the Cremona-to remember me by? I should like to leave it with you: it has uttered nothing unworthy of you since I knew

"I will keep it always," she said, "but I shall never forget; and oh, I shall be very lonely without

Margaret left the Sisterhood that autumn, for a time, and went abroad. Her friends rejoiced at this, and said, "Now Margaret will give up this craze for the slums, and she will marry Sir Harry Weston, who has wanted her for years."

But she did not marry Sir Harry, and in time she came back to her work. She is busy still, and the Cremona is her dearest treasure. So the days go by, not all sadly, while she waits for a meeting and a new beginning-somewhere else.

O MUSIC! sphere-descended maid, friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !- COLLINS.

THE most original treatment, perhaps, of a storm in usic is in the prelude to Wagner's "Die Walküre." Throughout this drama the weather is very bad, and there are various kinds of storms, but the first is a magnificent The tremolo D, held by the violins and violas for nearly seventy bars against the rushing wind of the bas is surprisingly effective, and were it not for the comic lightning effect the artistic effect of the movement wou be much greater, -- FREDERICK CORDER.

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Sacred Music for the Deople.

HE speeches delivered at the many Conferences held during past weeks at Wakefield, Bristol, and elsewhere, afforded ample evidence that at length the Church recognizes the necessity of popularizing its work in the eyes of the people. Its rulers see that a Church alien to the sympathies of the masses is not the National Church of the country, and loud is heard the lament amongst clergymen of the ever-increasing spread of Dissent. But it is acta non verba that are wanted, and the special musical services arranged to be held in the spacious nave of Gloucester Cathedral by the Dean of Gloucester (Dr. Butler, late head-master of Harrow) and Mr. C. Lee Williams (the Cathedral organist) afford a most acceptable example of putting into practice a theory which meets with the approval of all concerned in the Church's welfare. The Dean, preaching the special sermon on the occasion of the last meeting of the Three Choirs held at Gloucester, made a strikingly novel, if somewhat impracticable suggestion, that a band of peripatetic musicians should be formed to travel from place to place with the special object of bringing before the people good music. The reason given why the Germans, as a nation, are a more musical race than the English is that in Germany music is taken to the people, whereas, in England we expect the people to come to the music The Dean of Gloucester's experiment meets the difficulty half-way, by assuring the masses that if they will come to the Cathedral, they shall, without ey and without price, hear the best music under the exceptional advantages of a minster of great architectural beauty and unsurpassed acoustical properties.

In announcing the arrangements that had been made to hold these free concerts of sacred music in the Cathedral, the Dean set out the object of the services very clearly. "Our object," he said, "is not so much to advance the cultivation of the great and noble art of music-for which important end other means are elsewhere provided—as to bring under the notice of those who are least instructed in music the simplest, most pathetic, and most majestic passages from oratorios, anthems, chorales, and hymns. It is believed that such passages, as they become familiar, will prove to many hundreds of our citizens a delight at all times, a comfort in sorrow, and a real help to religious devotion." To carry out this kindly and nobly-conceived object, the co-operation of the clergy and laity of the city was invited, and heartily and readily responded to. More than eighty volun-teers promptly sent in their names to the Cathedral organist, and had the Dean, who we regret to state was prevented by illness from being present on the great occasion, been in Gloucester on Thursday, October 14, he would have shared the gratification Mr. Williams expressed at the great success of their joint appeal. The vocal part of the programme was rendered by a large choir, and the people in se behalf this commendable departure from the old régime amongst Church authorities was made, showed their appreciation of the boon by coming in such numbers that the vast space of the nave proved inadequate to seat them; three thousand persons were present, including a very large percentage of the working classes, and literally hundreds had to be turned away. The behaviour of the immense congregation confuted all hastilyconceived notions on that score. A number of influential gentlemen acted as stewards, and there

justified, and gratification was given to hundreds who probably heard for the first time the music of such masters as Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

The great public interest taken in this movement in favour of popularising sacred music amongst the great mass of the people who, through reasons they are unable to prevent, have neither the means nor the opportunity of hearing good music, and the evident desire of the authorities in other places sed of similar advantages to follow Glou in this good work, warrants us in detailing the exact method of procedure, for future guidance. The service was fixed for eight o'clock, and precisely at that time the clergy, including the Canon in residence (the Rev. W. Tinling), Canon St. John, Precentor Foster, and the Rev. E. Bamford (Minor Canon), took their places in the raised stalls. The short mencing "Prevent us, O Lord," being intoned by the Precentor, the choir and congregation joined heartily in the "Lord's Prayer." From this oint the musical performance proper commenced, Mr. Williams playing a selection upon the organ from Haydn's "Creation," consisting chiefly of the recitative and aria, "With verdure clad." Mr. Williams then entrusted the duty of accompanist to his deputy, Mr. Mills, and conducted the choir, who sang a simple and effective anthem composed by the Rev. O. Malan, "O Lord, my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth." The anthem was sung unaccompanied after the first few bars, and its devotional character and melodious simplicity were admirably adapted for the place and the occasion. Beethoven's majestic "Funeral March of a Hero" was next played in an impressive, almost awe-inspiring way, by the Cathedral organist, which left none of its beauties unrevealed. Its solemnity and marked transitions from lamentation to hope made a great impression upon the audience, and to the intelligent hearer taught its lesson more strongly than an endless stream of words. The advisability of thus striking a doleful note may be questioned; but it should be borne in mind that the aim of these services is devotional as well as instructive. Miss Edith Taylor, a local R.A.M., next sang the contralto solo, "O, rest in the Lord," from "Elijah;" and this was followed by another organ solo, Mr. Williams selecting the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah." lowing immediately upon this, Mrs. Baker, of Has-field Court, sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the full choir singing the quartet, "Since by man came death," concluding with the bright and joyful chorus, "By man came also the Resurrection." In the selection from Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," played as an organ solo, the opening movement in that great and grand overture was followed by the duet, "I waited for the Lord," the beautiful melodies of which make it admirably adapted for an organ solo. The soothing evening hymn, "Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise," was sung by the choir to Dyke's somewhat intricate, but melodious setting (the "Pax Dei"), all kneeling; the second and fourth verses were sung as a quartet. A short prayer intoned by the Precentor, and the pronunciation of the Grace by Canon Tinling, brought the first experiment of bringing home to the people good sacred music in the shape of absolutely free services in the Cathedral to an appropriate close. The performance lasted exactly one hour, and each person was provided with a copy of the words. The ex-

penses connected with the performances, which will be trifling, as all services rendered are given gratui-tously, will be met by a subscription raised amongst a few gentlemen of the city. Simplicity, it will thus be seen, is the essence of the programme; but, while the selections were simple, they were also representative, and it will be conceded that Mr. Williams was extremely happy in his choice of music for the first sacred concert. The reverence and decorum shown by the vast congregation—the rapt attention bestowed upon each successive item-rendered the admonition on was no collection. The experiment was abundantly the printed paper "that due reverence should be

paid to the House of God" entirely superfluous; indeed, the behaviour on that evening will compare favourably with that often shown by what are called "fashionable" congregations. Addison, commenting in 1712 on the important part music played in the religious services of the ancients, and on the large degree in which the music was employed in their most favourite diversions, made this excellent remark: "Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stultified them by sensual and immoderate pleasures;" music when thus applied would, he said, raise noble traits in the listener's mind and fill it with great conceptions. "It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces lasting and permanent impressions in the mind." Music then, of which poets and prose-writers have sung the praise for all time, having so divine and extensive a mission, should be promoted by every means within the power of corporate bodies and private individuals. The Dean of Gloucester, by his kindly interest in those he has lately come amongst, has lighted a candle which should spread its beams through all parts of the kingdom. But to Mr. Williams, upon whom the onus of the work falls, is due a great share of the praise. What Gloucester can do, other places can do, in this respect. London, in particular, offers a wide scope to the genuinely philanthropic to bring the great consolatory gift of music to all, and especially the poorer classes. The success of the ennobling experiment tried and justified in the "fair city" should incite others to follow in her wake. The free services are to be given on the second and fourth Thursdays in each month for a period of six months, and we hope that ere that time elapses the example there set will have been followed by many other places, and justified, as it undoubtedly has been in Gloucester, by most encouraging results.

Diterature of Music.

"The Philosophy of Voice." By Charles Lunn. Fifth edition. (Baillière, Tindall & Cox, London.)

MR. LUNN has a quarrel with the modern system of teaching singing, as regards voice-production, and this book is a forcible explanation of his views on the subject. It does not pretend to be a practical text-book, but as its title indicates, it is rather an investigation of the structure of the vocal organs and the principles to be deduced from given some study to the subject, the book will be found full of interest; and though possibly the writer, who is evidently an enthusiast, may occasionally dogmatize too much, his doctrines, however, on the whole, are sound and scientific. There are many interesting references to the experiments of Dr. Wyllie on the "detached larynx "-i.e., in the human subject after death, which are most ingeniou-ly made to illustrate and vindicate the teaching, empirical in its way, of the older schools of singing. Mr. Lunn does not believe in the laryngoscope in connection with voice-production. Mr. Sims Reeves' testimony on the subject is as follows: "My advice is, let the laryngoscope alone. Students who wish to learn let the laryngoscope alone. Students who wish to learn to sing had better apply themselves to the art. A singer should avoid looking down his own throat." Dr. Lovell Mackenzie's opinion, in his recently published "Hygiene of the Voice," is to the same effect—viz., that teaching singing by this means "is an absurdity worthy of Laputa."

We can cordially recommend Mr. Lunn's most interesting and profel little book.

ing and useful little book.

"The Historical Sketch of Music," by H. Brown (W. Reeves, London), is a little work in which the author's love of approved moral sentiments has prevented his giving a fair place to useful statement of historical

The Story of a Guitar.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "A Woman's Glory," "When We Two Parted," etc.

-: 0:-CHAPTER XVII.

UT of the world of phantoms, I came one day into the familiar old work-a-day world again.

It was a world of softly tempered light and shade. I became, at first, vaguely conscious of two open windows half veiled by lace curtains, and on each broad window-sill there stood a quaint old red-andblue vase, holding roses and myrtle. Above a high chimney-piece hung a faded piece of crewelwork, framed and glazed, and representing (as I discovered afterwards) the Walk to Emmaus; and below the picture was a formidable row of medicinebottles, some of them nearly empty.

I must, I suppose, have uttered some inarticulate words when I first saw these things around me. Anyhow two persons, one on the right side of the bed, and one on the left, rose quietly and bent over me.

One of these two faces, framed in an oldfashioned cap, was rosy and wrinkled like an apple from a store-room. The other was young and comely, although the kind eyes looked upon me through a mist of tears, and the pleasant lips were

It was Marian Bailey's face; but never before had I seen the calm Marian so deeply moved.

"How did you come here, Marian?" was the first question I asked.

I did not even know where "here" was. could not tell how I came to be lying in this sunny old world room, nor why all those bottles were ranged upon the mantelpiece. And yet I had an indistinct notion that Marian must have had some trouble in finding me.

Never mind now, dear," said my friend "You have been ill, and mustn't talk soothingly. much. But you are going to get well soon, and be very happy.

"Very happy." As she uttered those words I began to collect my scattered thoughts. What did happiness mean? It has a separate and distinct meaning for every human being who has ever tasted it. To me it meant life with Ronald, loving him, and being entirely beloved in return.

But that kind of happiness could never again be mine. My song was ended; my tale was told. I suffered acutely under the first pangs of remembrance.

All the events of those last two days, before I fled from London, came crowding back into my weak head until I could hardly bear the burden of existence. The elderly body in the cap (who was the Rector's housekeeper) gently raised me in the bed and brought me chicken-broth; and Marian watched patiently by my side. Perhaps she understood some of the thoughts that were in my mind, for she gave me a reassuring smile. How I longed to be alone with her, aud open my heart to this true friend !

Then the doctor came, and after he had seen me I heard Marian conferring with him in a low tone at the end of the room. And when she came back to my side her face was brighter, and her smile had a new meaning.

"Cheer up, Louise," she whispered. "You are getting better fast, and you will soon be able to see Ronald.

"He does not want to see me any more," I said

"My dear child, there have been terrible misunderstandings; but everything will be set right. Trust me, Louise; your husband has never truly loved any woman but yourself, and he has been suffering acutely since you left him."

"Suffering? Oh, Marian! send for him; tell him to come at once!"

"Hush, hush, Louise! You must wait until you are a little stronger. He will be quite happy when he knows that you want him back again.

I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the new, blissful sense of thankfulness and peace, Somehow I knew not in what way-my Ronald would be

That night I had a sound sleep, and when I woke up it was bright morning. Delicate perfumes came stealing in through the open windows; I could see the tops of fruit-trees gently stirred by a soft wind, and between the boughs I caught a glimpse of the grey church tower.

Looking round for Marian, I saw her entering the room with a basket of freshly gathered roses and honeysuckle-such roses as are not to be found in every garden. Seeing that my eyes were open, she brought the basket to my side, and let me bury my face in the great, sweet crimson flowers. She, herself, looked very fresh and pleasant in her pretty chintz gown. and there was a quiet expression of content on her face as she hovered round my pillow.

"Old times seem to have come back, Louise," she said cheerfully. "We might fancy ourselves in your grandfather's cottage. Don't you remember that I used sometimes to play at being nurse there?'

I did remember it: and the recollection of those simple girlish days was like balm to the spirit. It was good for me to dwell on that time, and turn my thoughts away from the weary trials and anxieties that had beset my married life. At present I was too weak to take in the fact that I was the uninvited guest of the Rector; and that I had literally forced myself on the hospitality of an old friend who was displeased with me.

Nursed and soothed and petted, I found my strength coming back faster than those around me had dared to expect. And when the evening was closing in again, I called Marian to my bedside, and assured her (in a somewhat unsteady voice) that I was well enough to bear a good long talk.

"Not a long talk, Louise," she answered. "But I think we may venture to say a few words to each other. Of course you want to know about Ronald, first of all?

Yes, yes," I whispered, pressing her hand.

"Well, I will begin with your departure from Chapel Place. Nobody missed you-nobody knew you had gone, till your husband returned from the City. The first thing that he saw was your note on the mantelpiece, and the first thing that he did was to rush out of the house, call a hansom, and drive to Curzon Street to me."

"Did he think that I had gone to you, Marian?"

"I fancy that he did. He seemed sorely distressed to find that I could tell him nothing. At his request I returned with him to Chapel Place, and found that nurse had just come home. She, too, was greatly troubled; but her quick instinct put us at once on the right track. She was sure you had fled to the dear old village, hoping there to find rest and peace."

"Ah, she knew my longing for this place!" I said faintly.

"Then," Marian continued, "we lost no time in following you-Ronald and I.'

"Did he come with you? Oh, Marian!"

"Did you suppose he could remain contentedly in town, and wait for news? If I don't tell you how distracted he was, it is because I fear to agitate you. But if you could have seen his misery and heard his self-reprosches, you would have felt your last doubt swept away. Ah, Louise, a wife should be very slow to doubt a husband's love. She may have a great deal to endure (most wives have), but she should guard her heart against jealousy, which is the worst foe of married life."

"He gave me cause to be jealous, Marian," I

said. "You did not go to that dreadful picnic; you did not see his attentions to his old love

"I know he was foolish, but not guilty. It is a mistake for a married man to be too intimate with an old sweetheart, even if he knows that he only gave her half a love, and that his wife has his entire heart. People are always ready to talk about those who have once been lovers; and Ida Lorimer was weak enough to want a little of the old homage."

"She was more than weak," I said, with a passion that made Marian lift a warning finger. "She is a wicked, bold woman. On Thursday night—after the picnic-she wrote a shameful letter to my husband."

"That letter, Louise, is a puzzle to us all. You referred to it in your farewell note to Ronald; and he, poor fellow, sent me to Ida to know what was meant. He had received no letter from her, and she declares she never wrote one.'

"How can she dare to say she did not write it? Marian, you will find the letter in the inner pocket of my hand-bag. Take it, and read it for yourself."

She rose to do my bidding; and then, pausing a moment, fixed a steadfast look on my face.

"Tell me first, Louise," she said, "how this letter came into your possession."

"It was brought to me by William Greystock. Ronald dropped it in his office on Friday morning."

"It is as I suspected," said Marian, in a low voice. "That man was at the bottom of all this mischief. Well, he will do no more !

She opened the bag, found the letter, and read it attentively once or twice before she spoke again.

"Yes, this is really Ida's handwriting," she admitted at last. "Yet I am bound to believe her when she solemnly declares that she never wrote to Ronald after the picnic. Louise, you will let me send this note to her?"

"I don't know," I said doubtfully. "I want Ronald to see it; I want to hear what he will say

"You shall see Ronald to-morrow, my dear child, and he will set all your doubts at rest. I freely confess that this note bewilders me, but I am, at any rate, quite certain that it was never received by Ronald, nor dropped by him in William Greystock's office. Louise, did not your heart tell you that William Greystock was not a good man?'

At the recollection of that last interview with Greystock, and our parting words to each other, I was covered with confusion and shame. How had I suffered this man to influence me? Why did I let him give me that hateful letter? I saw now that I had done a great wrong in stealing away from home, without first seeking an explanation from Ronald.

"Marian," I said, "I have not done well. But I was ill, and over-excited, and Ronald and I had been drifting farther and farther apart before that dreadful day came. I am calmer now, dear, although I am very, very weak."

While I spoke these words the tears were fast

running down my cheeks; and Marian kissed me and wept too.

"It is the old story, Louise," she said with a sigh:

"And constancy lives in realms above; And life is thorny, and youth is vain; And to be wroth with one we love Doth work like madness on the brain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEXT day they moved me from the bed to a large old sofa near the window, and found that I was recovering fast. The hope of happiness renewed was a better tonic than any that the doctor co give me; and, following Marian's good counsel, I resolutely put all minor worries out of my mind.
"The first thing to think of is health," she said

firmly. "When that comes back, perhaps you will find that Ronald's affairs are looking better than they have been for some time. But of course

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you can neither be well nor happy till you have had a perfect understanding with your husband."
"When shall I see him?" I asked.

"Will you be very good and composed if I bring him to you now, Louise? He naturally objects to being kept out of the room; but we dared not let him see you till your mind was quite clear and

"Indeed," I said earnestly, "I will put out all my powers of self-control—I will not even speak many words if I may but see his face for a minute. Oh, Marian, I am hungering for a sight of him!'

"And oh, Louise, how can I trust you when you show me such flushed cheeks and tearful eyes? But be quiet a little while, dear, and he shall

She went away, and I turned my hot face to the window, and tried to steady my nerves as well as I

It was an exquisite August morning, hazy and soft, with a sky of deepest blue, and a lovely purple mist clouding all the boundary lines of the distant fields. Below me lay the Rectory garden, with its cool shadows and morning lights; the dew had but just dried on the leafy boughs of apple and pear trees, and from the herb beds came up the sweetness of mint and thyme, and the old-fashioned fragrance of lavender. I leaned back on my cushions, and unconsciously enjoyed all these fresh, delicate scents, while my heart throbbed faster at the slightest sound.

How long would it be before Ronald came? I felt convinced that waiting must be much worse for me than the excitement of our meeting. I could hear the sound of voices in the garden, but it was only the Rector holding a consultation with his gardener. And then it occurred to me to wonder, for the first time, whether my host and my husband had yet met, and whether they liked each other? Perhaps Mr. Drury might be disposed to think less harshly of my marriage if he really knew Ronald. Perhaps this illness of mine, and this enforced stay at the old Rectory, might be the means of reviving a dead friendship. I thought that it would; I could not believe that the Rector's kind heart could be completely hardened against me.

How blue the sky looked between the twisted boughs of the tall pear-tree! Marian and I had often sat under that tree when we were children, reading a fairy tale together; and kind Miss Drury would come to look for us, and fill our hands with cakes. Just as my thoughts were wandering back into my childhood, the sound of footsteps in the corridor recalled them, and set my heart beating afresh.

It was Ronald-really Ronald-who came quietly into the room and moved towards me with a grave face. I was not prepared to see him looking so worn and wasted, and at the sight of his altered countenance my feeble strength gave way. Speechless, I could only stretch out a thin hand, and welcome him with eyes full of tears.

Our meeting was a very quiet one. He knelt down beside the sofa, and folded me gently in his

The silence, that lasted for some seconds, was only broken by the sweet rustle of the leaves outside the window. There was much to be said between us; but we were not, after all, in haste to begin the explanation which had been so eagerly desired by both. In truth, I believe that if that explanation had been altogether denied us, we hould have taken each other "for better, for forse" again, quite contentedly, and walked side side to our life's end.

"How could you have left me, Louise?" he rmured at last.

"Because I thought you did not want me any more," I answered, with my face pressed close to

It is needless to tell what he said in reply; but was thoroughly convinced that he did want me. There was another silence; and when he spoke spain it was in the old easy tone of authority.

"Now tell me, Louise, what on earth is the

mystery about that letter? How could Greystock have made you believe that I dropped it in his

I produced the letter, and my husband studied it attentively for a moment or two. Still holding it in his hand, he looked at me with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"There is no doubt that Ida did really write this letter," he said frankly. "One can't mistake her hand. I see that it is supposed to have been written on Thursday night, and, to tell you the truth, Louise, I can understand your indignation."

"Then, Ronald, you will promise never to see her again! She must have lost all sense of shame when she wrote such a thing to my husband."

"Wait a second, little woman. She never would have written such a thing to your husband I am certain of that. But she might have written

it to her lover, in days gone by."
"You were her lover, Ronald, in days gone by." "Yes; but I am sure I never received this letter. You say that Greystock gave it to you? Well, he used, sometimes, to act as our postman; can this be a note which was entrusted to him, and never delivered to me?

"If you think so, Ronald," I said, struck with this new idea, "you ought to ask him to explain the whole matter. I know now that he is your enemy and mine. Do not be afraid to let him see that you distrust him."

My husband waited for a moment before he spoke again. "Louise," he said at last, "you do not know that Greystock has gone beyond my reach. Don't be shocked, little woman; I must tell you an awful thing."

"Has he left the country?" I asked eagerly.
"He has left the world! A few hours after you last saw him, he was found in his chambers, quite dead. He died of heart disease, and his doctor proved that he had been suffering from it for a long time."

I shivered from head to foot; and Ronald, frightened at the effect of his words, began to soothe me by every means in his power. But although I clung to him, and realized to the full the happiness of having him with me, I could not help picturing that parting scene with William Greystock. He had gone out of my presence with all the savage misery of a disappointed man burning in his heart, and thus had hastened the death that had been ever near at hand.

It was no fault of mine that had hurried on his end, yet I must have been a far harder woman than I was, if I could have heard of that end unmoved. We were set free for ever from the baneful spell that he had exercised over our lives; and there came to me, at that moment, a prophetic conviction that all our doubts and misunderstandings would be buried with him.

"And now," said Ronald, still stroking my hair with his old fond touch, "let us talk of happier things, Louise. I have something else to tell you that will drive all sad thoughts away. Your good old friend, the Rector, has taken me into his favour

"Then he is going to help you! Oh, Ronald, he has influence, but he seldom cares to use it."

"He has already used it for our sakes. This morning he put a letter into my hand, offering me the post of secretary to a rich company. I will tell you all about the company later on; at present you certainly are not strong enough to be bothered with business details."

"I don't care in the least about details," said I. nestling up to him in an ecstasy of delight. "I know all that I want to know, Ronald."

"Not quite all, little woman. We must solve the mystery of that letter from Ida. But as it is a delicate matter, I think it will be well to entrust it to Marian; she has perfect tact, and Ida will be frank with her." I was quite satisfied with this arrangement; and just then Marian herself entered

with me. "Ronald must go downstairs to the Rector, who is waiting for him in the study; and

you, Louise, must be put to bed."
"Not yet," I pleaded. "Wait till it grows darker. It is so lovely to see the day dying behind the dear old trees."

But Marian was inexorable, and Ronald seconded her by rising and bidding me good-night. His parting words and kisses left me with a heart at peace, and I went quietly to rest.

In a few days Marian had an answer from Miss Lorimer, which cleared up, for ever, the mystery of the letter.

Ida acknowledged that she had written the note in those bygone days when she and Ronald were lovers, tasting the sweetness of "stolen waters," and carrying on a clandestine intercourse, shrewdly suspected by the lady's guardian. At that time William Greystock had been their confidential friend, and to his hands Ida committed the letter which was destined to work such terrible mischief at a later period.

She remembered that William had come to her with a grave face and a thousand apologies, confessing that he had lost the letter. At first she had felt uneasy about the loss; but as time passed on, and the romantic attachment on both sides began to cool, the circumstance faded out of her mind. She had never for a moment suspected William Greystock of anything like treachery, and the revelation of his base conduct to me, came as a shock. Then followed kind messages to Mrs. Hepburn—regrets for the suffering that had arisen—hopes for my future happiness—and so the matter ended.

So, also, ended all intercourse between Miss Lorimer and ourselves. She never met us again; and I felt sure that she avoided a meeting with infinite pains and care. Heartless as she was, I believe she had grace enough to be ashamed of the part she had played at the Richmond picnic. And although she never confessed the fact, I was certain that Greystock's subtle influence had made her act as she did that day.

(To be continued.)

Music in the band of ഉറ്റും.

THE SALOONS OF MUSIC.

T is desirable to make a distinction between the musical saloons and those wherein music is produced. The last-mentioned establishments are as thickly packed together as the houses of London itself. From Marlborough House to the smallest middle-class tenement the words "reception" and "réunion" speak eloquently enough

First of all, let me speak of the easily reckoned number of saloons whose doors do not open to mediocrities and impostors, and where one may venture to enter without fear of exposing himself to the risk of nervous dangers. I will content myself here with mentioning but a few of these establishments.

Previous to 1879, and before his illness, the late Lord Dudley was in the habit of opening his house to music of the highest order only. Such musicians as Joachim, Piatti, and other performers of that high and select order, could alone be heard here.

At the present time the saloon of the Rothschilds occupies the first place. There you may see filing past you all the leading performers of the Italian Opera; indeed, all that this family undertakes is set forth with a certain regal profusion.

On Sunday evenings, after dinner, the Prince of Wales frequently receives a few select musicians,

the room.

"You two have talked long enough," she said, in that kindly domineering way which she often had

"Capital music is invariably to be heard at the house of Baron Reuter. The musicians, however, are sometimes more numerous than experienced,

notwithstanding the fact that it may be no easy matter to gain admission to this house.

It is necessary also to mention the saloons of Lady Folkestone, Lady Arthur Hill, Lady Brassey, Lady Seymour, Lady Borthwick, Lady Freake (previous to the death of her husband), the Princess Ghika, the Sassoons, Mesdames Ronalds, Kemmis Betty, Charles Fish, Morel Mackenzie, Mrs. Francillon, whose husband is a distinguished novelist and poet, and whose receptions are quite as literary in their character as they are musical.

Princess Ghika, wife of the ambassador of Roumania, is an excellent pianist; so are Princess Brancovan, daughter of Musurus Pasha; Mme. D'Antat, wife of the Portuguese ambassador, Mme. Kemmis Betty, Lady Mandeville, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mme. de Bilande. The Earl of Mar plays on the violin and the Countess Sadowska sings. Mrs. Peters, who is the owner of the palatial dwelling called "The Grange," at Kilburn, gives some very curious musical entertainments, not only in her magnificent saloons, but even in her park. On these occasions the guests are treated to music by the best orchestras that can be obtained. This lady is not only an accomplished woman in other respects, but she is an excellent musician. She not only sings, but plays on the piano and harp.

The sympathetic Mrs. Mackay, who arrived in London a season or two ago, has also given some splendid musical entertainments.

Equally agreeable evenings may be spent at the house of Captain de Fontesca Vaz, of the Portuguese Legation, of M. Ossa, of the Chilian Legation, and of Mrs. Oppenheim. The Wednesday "At Homes" of Lady Goldsmid are very select and very brilliant.

On the occasions when Lady Burdett-Coutts sets an evening apart for a musical gathering she spares no expense to render the entertainment a magnificent one.

In these saloons now and then some artistic and costly entertainments are given. Mrs. Richmond Cotton, of Cromwell Houses, some years ago gave two representations of Vincent Wallace's opera of "Lurline." On these occasions the house was transformed, as if by the wand of an enchantress, into a real theatre where nothing was lacking.

Some capitally mounted operas are also produced in the elegant mansion of Mrs. Cunningham. The decorations, painted expressly by artists, are veritable marvels of art. She has offered in this manner to her friends almost all the operas of Sullivan, if not the whole of them.

I have mentioned but two examples at random; but really such representations are numerous enough, especially in the mansions of the aristocracy. Each entertainment thus provided is indeed a fresh page added to the "Thousand and One Nights."

Among the London musical saloons, where the best musicians are met with, and where the best class of music is forthcoming, it is desirable to mention those of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and of Dr. Wylde, the Director of the London Academy. At the house of the last-mentioned musician, art assumes forms which are at once elegant, elaborate and original. This summer, for example, Mrs. Wylde gave a fancy ball, the programme of which, entirely novel in its character, was entrusted to eminent musicians. I will not specify the wonders of this programme, but what follows will afford a general indication.

There was a set of Lancers among the dances, which was carried through by a number of the guests. The general effect of their costumes formed a complete pack of cards. The result was certainly very curious.

In the musical portion there was an allegory from the clever pen of Mrs. Wylde, which represented the twelve signs of the Zodiac descending on the earth for the purpose of studying the manners and the customs of mortals. They were escorted on their tour of inquiry by the stars of the neighbouring constellations, by a Comet, and by St. Swithin. They were received by the Four Seasons, and were finally recalled to their astronomical functions by the Planets turned out of their course.

The music, written specially by some composers in repute, was replete with melodious inspiration. The dialogue was witty, amusing, and full of actuality. The dances were pleasing; the costumes were rich and well designed. The costume of Mrs. Wylde, made at Paris, represented Winter.

At one period there was a happily inspired effect produced by Japanese parasols suddenly unfolded under the threats of St. Swithin, and then set in motion by a rapid whirling movement.

Mrs. Wylde's production transported to the boards of a theatre, and set out with appropriate decorations and an allegorical mise-en-scène, would afford a new and extremely curious spectacle.

There are other musical saloons of such a character as to be politely, if not fitly, described as 'curious." If you happen to visit the saloon of Mme. - at St. John's Wood, you cannot fail to derive much amusement from the display. The organ, the piano and the violin stands will be found imposingly enthroned in a brilliantly lighted room. - herself plays on the piano or the organ, and modestly rewards a certain number of musicians for coming to accompany her. The guests, who are ushered into a side room well in the shade, scarcely receive any attention. They may listen or they may sleep, just as the mood suits them; but the music pursues the even tenor of its way without stint and without mercy. The guests may come or depart without anybody interfering, or caring a straw in the matter. On one occasion it was suggested that the human auditory should be replaced by a collection of lay figures. It is quite true that they would not applaud, but it is also equally true that they would no longer snore. It would seem, however, that it was a hard matter to drive a bargain with the image manufacturer, because the decision appears to have been arrived at that after all human hearers cost much less, and that it is possible to distribute some thousands of cups of tea among them for the price of a mechanical hearer.

(To be continued.)

Accidentals.

M. GOUNDD's kindness of heart is proverbial. But what will the bibliomaniacs and the curio-hunters in days to come say to his latest expression of sympathy?

Not long since, during his recent stay in Normandy, a little friend on a summer's night incited Gounod to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to work and made a monster. Midnight saw the task completed. Just as the new day was creeping in the maestro took up his pen, and, as a finishing touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a brief sonata. Rumour describes it as one of the most exquisite gems that the composer of "Mors et Vita" has ever written.

A CHORUS girl in one of the comic opera companies in New York has a voice that is described as a "phenomenal tenor, pleasing and perfect in tone, and the best feature of the performance." She is to be introduced in a solo.

. . .

A NEW use (according to an American paper) has been discovered for the bagpipes. Last year, it seems, a Spanish soldier was brought to the military hospital at Havana in a state of catalepsy, and for fifteen months he showed no signs of improving health. At last the doctors ordered the bagpipes to be played near his bed, whereupon the man promptly recovered consciousness, and is now able to articulate.

As the German language is not permitted at the Copenhagen Opera House, it is said that Dr. von Bülow's friend Mr. Schott was recently compelled to sing the part of Tannhäuser there in English, while the rest of the company sang in Danish.

An uncomfortable rumour comes from Spain, that the Minister of Finance has decided to tax singers, or rather their fees. If this should be effected, *impresari* will have reason to dread a rise in the hitherto modest demands of prime donne.

A QUEER PSALM.—Many educated persons find reading the Roman numerals rather perplexing. An old Scotch clerk who had given out the Psalms for years was always more or less confused by the numbers. One morning, after puzzling over Psalm XLII., he announced it as follows:—"Let us sing the X, the L, and the two-eyed Psalm."

A CELEBRATED Brussels millionaire has just given £2000 for a Straduarius violin which had been the favourite instrument of Servais. In addition to this he granted an annuity of £200 to the musician's widow. The violin was a fine specimen, and had belonged to a famous player, but it must have been more in charity to the widow than for the possession of the instrument that led to such a price being given.

LIFE seems to be growing softer in England, and more refined. There is an increased love of art, of flowers, and of music. I was struck (says a correspondent in the Pall Mall, at Oxford) with the flowers in the windows of students, and the sounds of music from their rooms. Music and flowers and art are certainly better for undergraduates than numerous "wines" and after-destruction of property.

Long ago a man sought immortality in discovering which was the middle word in the Bible. He followed this up with a successful search for the middle letter. Then he counted the times the word "the" occurs; and then he died. There have been many such ingenious idiots since his day. The latest genius is the one who has written for a musical publication "a song without an e." It is not pretty, it is not sense, it is not literary, it is not musical; but what of that? It is the only song in existence without an e.

For the Leeds Festival a peal weighing twelve hundredweight was constructed in exact imitation of the veritable Strasburg bells. It was hoisted at the back of the orchestra. The player thwacked at these monster bells with a huge mallet until the scene of Elsie's honeymoon on the Rhine, when he put on a diminutive set of boxing gloves, to do a little sparring, in order to imitate the far-off bells of Geisenheim, which ring in the ears of Charlemagne and his beloved Fastrada when "spooning" together at Ingelheim.

FOR Bach's Mass in B minor, a certain attempt was made to restore some of the original instruments. The oboi d'amore, used by the Bach Society at the Albert Hail celebration last spring, and reminding the irreverent auditor very acutely of the hurdy-gurdies of the Italian nobles who, in the nineteenth century, make our streets pleasant, was borrowed for the occasion. Trumpets were also made "on the old German model," and-finishing touch to the crown of glory—in order that a proper organ part should be written the services were secured of Sullivan's pupil, Mr. Cliffe.

A "Crown-Room" exists in the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, consecrated to the memory of Richard Wagner. Dimly lighted and arranged as a species of chapel, the room is filled with wreaths, crowns, and garlands of every kind, commemorating the composer, while Wagnerian relics are being carefully gathered together for a museum. Among these the most precious is a small black tablet, bearing a few words scribbled in white chalk—"To morrow, general rehearsal,—Wagner"—said to be the last words written by Wagner in his theatre.

RECENTLY, when preaching at St. Nicholas's Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, the Rev. Father Cahill eloquently potrayed the devotional effect of music, which in every age the Catholic Church had utilized for Divine worship, no less in the ca'acombs of Rome than in her grandest

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temples. Tracing the history and influence of music from the earliest period, he said it was a tradition that the first cians were the sons of Cain, and that Adam lived to hear the sounds of melody from a rude instrument which was played by and probably relieved the lonely and sad hours of the children of his outcast son.

"THE Swan's Song," a famous and genuine Stradivarius violin, which dates from the year 1737, has just been sold in Paris for the sum of 15,100 f. (£604). Stradivarius was forty-three years old when he made this much-coveted prize. It belonged to a man well known in the musical world, the late M. de Sainte-Senoch, whose three other riolins by the same maker also fetched fabulous prices. One, dated 1704, was sold for £280; an alto violin of the year 1728 went for £480; and, lastly, a violoncello of the year 1696 was bought at £436. Their former of the year 1696 was bought at £436. Their former proprietor gave £2640 for the quatuor, and they realized only £1800.

One of the most interesting features of the forthcoming American Exhibition, to be held in London next year, will be the exhibits commemorative of the Norse discovery of America. This exhibit will owe its exposition in great part to the untiring energy of Miss Marie Brown, an American lady who has spent several years in Sweden in research into the annals of our Scandinavian ancestors. Much light will be thrown by the exhibits on the habits and manner of life of the old Viking race. We understand many ancient musical instruments, among other relics of the past, will be lent by the Stockholm Museum, and it is probable a band of the famous singing students from Upsala will come for the purpose of making known to us the old Dane folk-songs.

What are the favourite songs of the Queen? The question suggests itself from the programme sung by the Aberdeen Madrigal Choir recently, at Balmoral. It was Aberdeen Madrigu.

as follows:

"Nature's Praise."

"In this hour of softened splendour."

"Ye banks and braes."

"The Silent Land."

"In going to my lonely bed."

"Jack and Jill."

"Hail to the Chief."

"Rreak, break, on thy cold grey ston

"Break, break, on thy cold grey stones."
"Wae's me for Prince Charlie."
"When evening twilight,"
"Praise of Spring."

" Homeward.

More than one of these melancholy ballads was repeated by the Queen's command. . . .

PARKE, the oboe player, in his musical memoirs, narrates an instance of a ruling passion attributed, not always justly, to the children of Israel. The son of a a wonderful aptitude for music, and a charming voice.

A friend at a party one evening asked the child to sing, which the young gentleman declined to do without being

"Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "how much do you ask for a song?"
"Sixpence," lisped the child.

"Sixpence," repeated the other; "can't you sing for

"No," returned the urchin, "I can't take less for one, but I'll put you in three for a shilling."—C. THOMAS.

THE Reverend T. F. Thistleton Dyer, in an article in the Gentleman's Magazine on Music and Medicine, gives some curious illustrations of the effects of music on patients afflicted with particular maladies:—

patients afflicted with particular maladies:—

In Burma, when severe illness of any kind has baffled the greatest skill, it is customary to abandon all further medical treatment, the patient's complaint being supposed to be caused by an cril spirit which must be driven away before any hope of recovery can be expected. This is accomplished by means of music and dancing, during which certain mystic rites are performed. Amongst the New England Indians music and singing are much employed, and are regarded as possessing a magic influence over disease. It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are very few cases which are unaffected thereby. Indeed, in mental cases, music from the carliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds.

AMONG some of the well-known modern instances of music as a cure for mental complaints, may be mentioned the case of a man in Yorkshire who, some years ago, after severe misfortunes, lost his senses, and was placed

in a lunatic asylum. There, in a short time, the use of the violin gradually restored him to his intellects; and at the end of six weeks after the experiment, on hearing the inmates of the establishment passing by, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen. I am quite well, and shall be most happy to accompany you." Again, Mme. de la Marche, on hearing one day of her husband's inconstancy, was so deeply mortified that she made several attempts to destroy herself—in fact, she went mad. Although attended by physicians, she obtained but little relief and remained curable, till one day a monk chanced to be begging alms in the neighbourhood where Mme. de la Marche lived. He heard of the lady's state, and suggested the experiment of music at the hands of some skilful performer. This was speedily arranged, and with so much success that in less than three months the violent symptoms began to diminish, and ultimately Mme. de la Marche was restored to health both of body and mind. We are also told of a woman who was once prevented starving herself to death by the intervention of music. . . .

PERHAPS few maladies have been more closely connected with music than that which in the fifteenth century, under the name of Tarantism, made its first appearance in Apulia, and thence spread over the other provinces of Italy, where, during the two following centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic.

centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic.

This strange disorder was popularly supposed to be caused by the bite of the Tarantula (Lycosa tarantu'a), a species of ground-spider common in Apulia; but this explanation has long ago been discarded by medical science as throwing no light upon the nature of the disease in question, especially as the bite of the said insect does not produce the alarming effects once attributed to it. Anyhow, the fear of this insect was so general, from the highly superstitious and exaggerated reports spread about it, that, as Professor Hecker remarks, "its bite was in all probability much offener imagined, or the sting of some other kind of insect mistaken for it, than actually received." A case is recorded of a young man in a secluded village in the kingdom of Naples, who, when seized with a violent attack of Tarantism, danced during a paroxysm of his disorder "with astonishing vehemence, and violently leaped like a madman, keeping time, however, with the music that was played for him. But as soon as it ceased he fell to the ground in a state of syncope, from which he recovered when the music as a medical agency was considered so infallible that a class of songs and tunes was composed, designated "Tarantella," to be specially employed in the cure of those suffering from this epidemic. These, it may be remembered, have lingered long after the extinction of the malady, and may still be heard in the wilder districts of Italy.

LASTLY, it should be noticed that music has been stated to produce undue excitement bordering on

madness.

Thus Butler, in his "Principles of Music," tells an old story of the power of music over the human mind. It appears that a musician of Eneus, King of Denmark—who reigned about the year 1130—having given out that he was able by his art to drive men "into what affections he listed, even into anger and fury, and being required by the King to put his skill into practice, played so upon his harp that his auditors began first to be moved; and at last he sent the King into such a frantic mood that in a rage he fell upon his most trusty friends, and, for lack of weapon, slew some of them with his fist, which, when he came to himself, he did much lament."

THE American Art Journal gives an account of the monster brass-band concert, duly held in St. Louis on September 22. The bands began to arrive at the Fair Grounds about noon. At two o'clock Colonel Gilmore called them to order, dividing them according to instruments; thus the first cornets made one squad, the second cornets another, and so on. They were marched towards the racecourse and filed into the grand stand. "Directly in front of Mr. Gilmore's stand sat the 150 brass tubes. There were fully 40,000 people standing in the field. Of the different instruments taking part in the concert there were, first or second B-flat clarionets, 250; flutes and piccolos, 75; E-flat clarionets, 100; bassoons, saxophone nets, &c., 50; French horns, 367; solo alto horns, 70; first, second, and third alto horns, 150; solo B-flat cornets, 60; first B-flat cornets, 60; second B-flat cornets, 60; E-flat cornets, 60; trombones, 50; first tenor horns, 60; second tenor horns, 60; clarionets, 60; euphoniums, 40; bass tubas, 150; bass drums, 60; cymbals, 60; snare drums, 200. The programme gave great pleasure to the audience. It was a glorious day for Gilmore."

It is not generally known that the Spanish National Hymn is one of the musical compositions of Frederick the Great of Prussia. The command of the present Emperor for the publication of a complete centenary edition of the musical works of his renowned ancestor has led to free research into the history of each piece; and it has now an proved, by the help of competent

Spanish scholars, that the so-called "Marcha Real" is Spanish scholars, that the so-called "Marcha Real" is not of Spanish origin, but was the production of the Prussian King. One day, at a public reception in the royal palace at Berlin, Frederick jokingly handed the piece to the Spanish ambassador. The ambassador, who was a passionate admirer of the philosopher upon the throne, sent the composition to Madrid, and had the satisfaction of hearing that it had been received by the Spanish Court with extraordinary admiration. The satisfaction of hearing that it had been received by the Spanish Court with extraordinary admiration. The "Marcha Real" is doubtless the most popular musical composition in Spain. When Marshal Serrano in 1869 offered a prize for the best national march, more than five hundred compositions were sent. After a careful examination of the whole by the special commission, that body decided that not one of them was sufficiently good to take the place of the "Marcha Real." . . .

As an illustration of the power of music on savage tribes, Father Cahill mentioned that in the annals of the Jesuit Father Cahill mentioned that in the annals of the Jesuit missions it was recorded that when the Jesuit fathers ascended the rivers in South America, they frequently found the banks lined by Indians ready to receive them with poisoned arrows. The happy thought of disarming these savages by music was had recourse to, and, taking with them a musical instrument of singular sweetness, they when thus confronted played and sang sacred melodies, and so made captive the hearts and affections of those to whom they sought to preach Christ crucified.

A GALAXY of talent has been engaged for the season of Italian opera to open at Monte Carlo in the first week of January. Besides Madame Fides-Devries, who is to sing in "Aïda," "Amleto," "Rigoletto, "Faust," and "La Traviata," two Italian soprani, of whom rumour speaks most favourably, will be heard—Signore Repetto-Trisolini and Mazzoli-Orsini. The former, a very pretty woman and highly accomplished artist, obtained immense success at St. Petersburg; she will first appear in "Lucia." The latter is said to possess sculptural beauty of the tragic order, and to be a very dramatic singer, with an unusually fine voice; she will be heard in "La Favorita" and "Arda." A Russian princess who has assumed the name of Ludi-Bullini is also highly spoken of; she will make her début as Siebel in "Faust." Madame Franck-Duvernoy and Signora Vittoria Repetto, sister of the soprano, are also in the list. The tenors are Talazac, Vergnet, of the Paris Opera, and a young Italian named Tito d' Orazi, who gives great promise, we are assured; M. Maurice Devriès, brother of the prima-donna, is the only baritone yet mentioned; and Signori Povoleri and Cianciolo, both of whom are great favourites in Italy, with M. Durante, will be the leading bassi. The repertory will be more extensive than any yet offered at Monte Carlo, and, under M. Moreau-Sainti's msnagement, with the aid of the famous orchestra—a band that is second to none in Europe-the performances bid fair to be unusually

THE report that Mr. Fisher, representing Ko-Ko in the "Mikado" company now making a tour through Germany, was suffering from the delusion that he is really the character that he has so often impersonated has been contradicted by Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Instances of this peculiar kind of mania, however, abound in operatic history. Mme. Desmâtins, a French prima-donna of the last years of the seventeenth century, took so much pleasure in playing the part of royal personages on the stage that, losing her head over the matter, she ended by assuming the costume and demeanour of a Queen in her own household, sat on a throne, and made her servants attend to her on their knees. In England, too, the famous Mrs. Loftus, of the beginning of the eighteenth century, suffered from the particular mania known to French physicians as "la manie des grandeurs." "She dwelt," says Hawkins in his "History of Music," "in a remote part of the house, and had a large garden to range in, in which she would frequently walk, singing and giving way to that innocent frenzy which had seized her in the early part of her life." "This lady," wrote Steele in the early part of her hie. This may, wrote steere in the Tatler, "entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted that when she had finished her part characters she acted that when she had finished her part she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence which she did on the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced the unhappy princess to a voluntary retirement, where she now passes her time amid the woods and forests, thinking of the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

'I was born of royal race, Yet must wander in disgrace,' "

A Rovel Holiday.



ESSRS. H -s, and B-- G have pleasure in conveying to the Gentry and Democracy of the Southern Counties the gratifying intelligence that they are now on their Midsummer Journey: a fact which it be-

hoves all to note who have any regard for their own

"Messrs, H. M. I. & B.'s Collection (which is expected to be considerably augmented during the course of their Journey) embraces Curiosities from all the principal Continents in Europe, -Articles of Virtu, living and dead; animated Wax-Works of Eminent Criminals and Historical Personages; and Life-like Representations of some of the most Degraded Savages hitherto discovered.

"In addition to this unique Assortment of Interesting Objects, the Members of the Firm base their claim to Public Support on their strenuous and disinterested efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Masses, by means of Musical Entertainments, Temperance Addresses, Literary and Scientific Lectures, Refined Acrobatic Performances, and in particular by Special Collections on behalf of such deserving Private Charities as may commend themselves to the Firm and its Individual Members.

"The Firm will also be willing to receive Sums of Money on Deposit at such Rates of Interest as may be fixed by the Lenders; the Borrowers reserving to them-selves the right of fixing the time and manner of Payment of such Interest, and also of Re-payment of the Principal.

" The Firm will not be responsible for any Debts that may be contracted by the Members thereof, either jointly or individually; or for any Goods and Chattels that may have disappeared from any Locality at the time of the Firm's visit thereto.

"The Firm hope to have the pleasure of waiting upon you in the course of a few days, when your favoured commands will be esteemed."

So runs the programme of entertainment with which a party of four gentlemen -with intentions not purely philanthropic-set out from our Northern Metropolis, in a caravan, to brighten the existence of their less fortunate brethren in the country.

They did it-too, if accounts from the Border be true. Wherever they went, to the lonely farmhouse, the sequestered village, or the sleepy half-dead "touns," they "lightened the gloom" with their noisy mirth, their seldom-ceasing banter, and the cheerful toolle-tooing of the horn. They were greeted everywhere by enthusiastic audiences. Men, women, and children, from the "Bailie," swelled up with his own importance, to the most innocent prattler, turned aside to crowd round the caravan and gaze on its wonderful contents, animate and inacimate; to listen to the inspiring addresses and gape with open eyed wonder at the startling juggling performances of the adventurers. But the musical talent of the party was the prime attraction. Not without cause, as the

répertoire of the orchestra consisted of the soul-inspiring -especially on a wet day-melody, "There's nae luck about the house" (flageolet solo, with cornet, triangle, post-horn, and violin accompaniment); some fragments of other well-known popular melodies, including the first two and a half bars of "Dreamland Faces;" and a "storm effect," which took wonderfully. (We are assured the lightning and wind were quite visible to the naked eye-and we believe it.)



Forty Years of Rigger Minstrelsy.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "PONY" MOORE.

R. "PONY" MOORE is a remarkable man and Moore House is a remarkable establishment. It is unique in its way. The garden is a wilderness of coloured glass balls and flower-beds, of bowers and birdcages, dog kennels and aviaries, stables and rabbit hutches, fish ponds and pigeon cotes. I never saw a collection so remarkable as Moore's of Moore Hall. The door is guarded by figures of Lord Nelson and the Queen. The hall is lined with pictures, the reception rooms are hung with remarkable trophies, and the cabinets are full of costly tributes to Mr. Moore's many accomplishments. Silver services, jewels, pictures, curios—there is no end to them. Mr. Moore is acquisitive by nature, and admits, with pardonable pride, that he loves to gather these spoils of a long and successful career about him. A walk round his park, once the property of Blondin, is sufficient to show the originality of the great minstrel. He is passionately fond of animals and flowers, and every corner bears some sign of a powerful personality. In the grounds he has built a billiard-room, the walls of which are plastered with pictures of minstrel celebrities whose names are now forgotten. Here is the coloured gentleman, who first brought down the world with "Hoop de Dooden " there another who made a generation weep for "Missing Willie." There are scores of them, and golden trophies emblematical of his calling, silver ornaments, photographs, sketches, letters, far too many to enumerate. Each frame is a friend, each friend has an anecdote, and Mr. Moore has a long memory and a warm heart. little chat is d propos of Mr. Moore's "twenty-first' annual benefit, which was celebrated a few days ago.

A BLACK SECRET.

Mr. Moore and I sat chatting on the edge of the plashing fountain, and, as Mr. Moore pointed out, "the little birds were a twitterin', the sun a shinin', the dogs a barkin', and the leaves a fallin'," just as if Nature had made them for the purpose of inspiring the famous Nigger (yes, with a big N) with ideas for those sweetly sentimental ballads which bring tears to the eyes of susceptible females, and make a lump in the bearded throats of provincial curates. Often while wandering in this Eden which he has contrived for himself, Mr. Moore brings forth a melody, or invents a "wheeze" (stage slang for a joke). And it was here that he let me into some of the mysteries of the craft. The darkest secret was, of course, the question of blacking.

"Wal, my booy, the hul secret of it is-cork. But there be corks and corks. Champagne corks take the cake. Why?
Bekase they swell. That's why."

"You must drink a large quantity to get sufficient? The bare suggestion nearly caused Mr. Moore to fall back among the little gold fishes of which he is so fond.

ay, you go along. You'll do, now."

ll. It seems the corks are procured black, burned, black up, "in and mixed up in a tub. A smart man co black up in five minutes, and wash in ten. Mr. Mare uses bay but, as he says, that is only for the

RECRUITS FOR THE MINSTREL BOYS.

"Would you b'lieve me," said my interlocker (nigger for "when I tell you that we get our best from the big stores, such as Shoolbred's and Maple's? Of late years the banjo has come to be popular, and private entertainments are common in these establishments. entertainments are common in these smart young man may rise to a dizzy height (whether he is alto or bass). The boys in the troupe are choir boys, to whom 'Slam the door loudly, for mother's asleep, is as good as the 'Stabat Mater,' both representing so many shill a week. Basses and baritones are the commonest we while good tenors are the most difficult to find." Mr Moore has got "the best bass in the world" in his troups.

This is how he found him. One day he was waiting to get his ticket on the underground. A man of burly build blocked the way. He only heard him say:—



That was enough. He tapped him on the shoulder—and said, "My boy, can you sing?" The gentleman may be heard daily at St. James's Hall. Some of the black choristers make as much as £15 a week, others as many

"WE CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

"And that is true," Mr. Moore remarked, playing with a brilliant diamond which illuminated his shirt-front is true, and that is one of the most difficult parts of the s. Now I don't know a note of music, but I boss every rehearsal, and I can fix a wrong note on a man out of orus of forty." Mr. Moore is near sixty, but he has a wicked eye, and his tongue is rather rough. "Most of our songs come from America. I get dozens over every month and may find one out of the lot that's any good. best nigger songs have come from the States; but that is easy to account for. The niggers use them. I'm pretty tired of composin' songs and words. But t'aint difficult if ow. Fust the words. Well, ideas tumble in somehow. Do you want sentimental, serio-comic, comic pure and simple? One day a young lady came up to see ne, and her back hair came undone

' 'That's lovely golden hair,' sez I.

[A smile.]
""Where do you live, my dear?' says I agin.

"In Brompton Square," sez she.
"Thank you, my dear. You've given me an idea for a ong." You see, you have it in a jiffey.

That lovely girl with golden hair. Who lives at —, Brompton Square

And then we have what Mr. Moore calls "the hul art" of composition. I had forgotten the music. As Mr. Mo says, "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," might be played in forty ways. You may have it in "Mass" time in church, in "Funeral March" time for the churchyard, is Polka time, in Waltz time-in fact, melodies are elastic.

STREET NIGGERS AND BARREL ORGANS.

Mr. Moore, in his pleasant way, calls these favouries varmint." If he and his men get a song which takes the town the barrel organs take it and kill it dead. git sick of it, and put their fingers in their ears." He new recruits from the street singers, who are the lowest of their tribe. "Why, sometimes they don't 'wash up' for a week." Mr. Moore says, "If bay rhum is dear, d-n it! soap's dirt

PECULIARITIES OF AUDIENCES

"We've got to be careful with our audiences, in the matter of dialogue especially. I have to keep a sharp look-out on my men. They will gag so." Mr. Moore says he keeps a very sharp look-out on Biblical allusions. "If I hear a man alluding to Noah, or Job, I stop him, and tell him to significant of the solution of the solut hundred years, for I know well enough that every allusion means half a dozen letters of remonstrance. Again, I never permit vulgarity, although it is sure to get a laugh.

REHEARSING THE NIGGERS.

A rehearsal of the niggers is capital fun when Mr. Moore holds the stage. In Colonial and American phraseology, he is "a terror." His men revere him, as all men do a master-mind. Picture the hall in semi-darkness, lighted master-mind. Picture the hall in semi-darkness, lighted only by the flaring T gas-jets, used at all rehearsals, M. Moore, in a well-worn brown suit, and three diamond studs (from Golconda) flashing in his shirt-front, with a scor of tenors, basses, baritones, choir boys, a violinist, a harpist, and a double bass, with a background of frow canvas, representing an old log cabin. For an hour and a half one sorry chorus is tried again and again, until the effect is maddening. Mr. Moore faces them, the violant Mr. Moore faces them, the violinist effect is maddening. Mr. Moore faces them, the violent takes his coat off, and Mr. Moore's wrath rises and falls at he renderings of the different parts meet his approval. Now it is the alto, now the boys, who meet his disapproval; now the time, the piano, and the forte. No one can imagine

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the trouble that is taken to get one of those heavenly chouses—and the strong language—well, you would think the heavens were falling.

MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN."

"Any one in?" said a white-faced youth, with a shock of tangled black hair, taking off a black wideawake, and saluting the Boss, as he stepped from the O.P. wing on to the narrow stage. "Now, you kum along hyar, my boy. What is it? Try your vice? Jist take a seat, while we try this chorus," Then—

Softly dream, Softly dream, Softly dream again.

"Now, young man, step out. What'll you sing? Anythin' you like. One of ours or one of yours. No matter which; we'll soon see what you're made of." Then the white-faced young man got nervous, and I saw his heart sinking into his boots.

"Well, sir, I haven't got one of my own songs with me."
"Hang your songs: Here, do you know 'Sweet Chiming
Bells'? Now, then, wiolin, give him the note." And then
the heart came up from the white-faced young man's boots until it reached his throat, close to the pomum Adami, where it stopped. Then how the "chiming bells" jangled, how the tenor cracked, and the bass broke, until the master how the tenor cracked, and the bass broke, until the master-mind broke out into objurgations. "Young man, you're nervous. There, go now. Come again another day." The white-faced young man disappeared, and another débutant, with a scorbutic face, a tall white collar, and a vivid red necktie, essayed a baritone song about the "Oak and the lvy." Another young man then sat down on the red chair next me, and he tried "Sweet Chiming Bells" in a fine alto. Mr. Moore listened, and then said, "There, that'll do, my boy. You've got a darned good voice"—then, sotto voce— "but you've never had any one to show you how to use it. "but you've never had any one to show you how to use it.
Come again; I'm quite satisfied." Many are called and

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

Mr. Moore has some very amusing stories to tell of his early minstrel experiences in America, but they would take up too much space to recount. He has been in the nigger siness for forty years, having left circus business (he used to drive forty ponies in the ring, hence his nickname, which has ao relation to money) on purpose. The idea of the minstrels was first formulated in America, fifty years ago, and by pure chance. Three or four men were amu bones, and another the banjo. They were soon surrounded by a crowd, who were attracted by the novelty, and in a short time the experiment led to their engagement. In time a company had found its way to London, and presently Mr. Moore was asked to take a dead man's place. He fulfilled his duties with great success, the scheme flourished, and finally Mr. Moore bought his old friends out, and he and Mr. Burgess are now the firm .- Pall Mall Gazette.

Foreign Rotes.

LEIPZIG.

Programme of the First "Gewandbaus Concert." THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1886.

FIRST PART. Overture zu Coriolan
Ane, "Nartern aller Arten" aus "Entführung aus der Serail" Mozart.
Sung by Frau Emmi Baumann (of the Staat Theater).

SECOND PART. Symphonie (No. 2) C major. . . Schumann.

The above programme opened the First Concert at the Gewandhaus, and the musical season has therefore for mally begun. One disappointment was evinced yesterday at the full rehearsal—it having been announced that Frau Joachim would sing, when a telegram brought the

unable to fulfil her engagement owing to illness, and so Frau Baumann took her place at the last moment. With the exception of Liszt's "Héroide Funèbre," none of the works were new to the audience, and as they are so well known in England they need no special remark. That the performances were most excellent was only to be expected from one of the best orchestras in

Liszt's "Héroide Funèbre," does not tend to show the composer's master-hand in a favourable light. It is too long and at times too noisy, and reminds us of the beginning of one of the Rhapsodies at times. Out of reverence for the so lately deceased composer, the audience were more inclined to look over the faults than they would otherwise have been. But as for ap-plause—not a hand stirred. Frau Emmi Baumann's songs were encored, the one of Reinecke having pleased

For the Second Gewandhaus Concert the violinist Emil Sauret has been engaged. In the course of the season Handel's oratorio "Samson," and Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," will be performed.

On Sunday, October 17, the "Brodsky" Quartette give their first concert—(1) Violin, Herr Brodsky; (2) Violoncello, Herr Hans Becker; Violin, Herr H. Sitt; Violoncello, Herr Klengel; Contrabasso, Herr Schwabe; Clarinette, Herr Gentzch; Horn, Herr Gumpert; Bassoon, Herr Freitag.

Dr. Hans von Bülow began his series of Beethoven Recitals on 15th October. He played at his first recital:

Sonata A (Op. 2).

" F major (Op. 10).

" G (Op. 14).

" D (Op. 28).

And Pathétique Variations on a Russian Song.
And an original theme in F major (Op. 34).

The "Pensionsfond" of the Theatre gives a concert early in November, in which Frau Steinbach-Jabus, one of Leipzig's greatest favourites, will give her services

On Friday, October 22 and 23, the "Liszt Verein" Concerts commenced.

Programme of the First Concert.

1. Dante . . . Sinfonie . mit Frauenchor. 2. Faust . . Sinfonie . mit Stännerchor.

Programme of the Second Concert.

1. Festklaenge . Sinfonische Dichtung für grösses Orchester.
2. Clavier Concerto in (A) . . . Herr Stavenhagen.
3. Lieder.
4. Hunnenschlacht . Sinfonische Dichtung für grösses Orchester.
5. Lieder.
6. Todtentanz für Klavier und Orchester . . Herr Friedheim.
7. Rakoczy March für Orchester.

Herr Dr. Paul Klengel, formerly conductor of the Euterpe Concerts, has been appointed Capellmeister at the Hof Theater in Stuttgart. On November 2, Herr Dr. Carl Reinecke goes to Dresden to conduct his pianoforte concerts, to be played by Frau Marie Krebs; and also to play, with that lady, the "Manfred Duo" for two pianofortes. Mme. Helen Hopekirk has arrived here pianofortes. Mme. Helen Hopekirk has arrived here after her successful concert tour in America. She was formerly a pupil of Herr Dr. Carl Reinecke. The same may be said of Miss Fannie Davies, before she went to Mme. Schumann, at Frankfurt.

On Sunday, October 24, Frau Joachim gave a concert;

Fräulein Anna Borth (pianiste), and the youthful violinist Henry Marteau also performed.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk will give three pianoforte recitals at the "Alte Gewandhaus," on Nov. 3, 10, and 17; she will play on a Steinway pianoforte.

A Concert is announced for November 2, by Marcella Zembrich.

THE Strasburg Choral Society has resolved to have a Hall of Music built at Strasburg, with a view to foster the cultivation of German vocal music in Alsace-Lorraine, and periodically to hold vocal concerts there on a large

In commemoration of the approaching centenary of Weber's birth a cycle of performances of his operas is projected at the Vienna Opera.

MME. SEMBRICH has been engaged by Herr Pollini, of Hamburg, and Herr Jauner, of Vienna, for a series of sixty concerts, for each of which she is to receive 4,000 marks (£200 sterling).

THE Italian Ministry have directed that the great collection of musical works, which formed part of the

Municipal Library in Rome, shall be transferred to the Accademia di Santa Cecilia. This collection has been described as the richest of its kind in the world, and the catalogue of musical works which it contains, as the most complete in existence.

THE cantata "Conscience," by Peter Benoit, has been heard for the second time at Antwerp, with the most brilliant results. At the same concert (Palais de l'Industrie), the young violinist, Mariën, of Antwerp, distinguished himself in the Concerto for violin and Orchestra by Syendsen.

DURING the coming concert season Jules Sachs pro-poses to give about ninety "Wagner Soireen" in the chief towns of Germany, Switzerland, and Holland which were not visited by Angelo Neumann on his Wagner journey. The whole of the first act of the "Walkire," and portions of the "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Meistersinger," and "Tannhäuser" are to be performed.

Anton Rubinstein has accepted the post, rendered vacant by the resignation of Dr. Hans von Bülow, o conductor of the Russian Musical Society. The programme of the season is already fixed. Ten historical orchestral concerts are to be given, which will be arranged as follows: one evening each will be devoted to the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann; one to those of Haydn and Mozart; another to those of Liszt, Wagner, and Brahms; one concert will consist entirely of French music, another of Italian and Scandinavian, while the Russian school will occupy two concerts.

A LETTER from Milan states that preparations ar being actively pushed forward at La Scala for the production of Verdi's new opera. The designs for the scenery, decorations, and costumes are completed. Signor Faccio, the director of the orchetra, has been to Sant' Agata on a visit to the composer, and has carefully examined the score with him. He speaks enthusiastically of the work. The singers who are to create the parts at the first representation—Mme. Pantalecni, Signori Tamagno, Maurel, and Navarrini—are to go to Sant' Agata shortly in order to study their parts under Verdi's superintendence. There is no overture, only a symphonic introduction descriptive of a storm. The libretto, the work of Boito, the author of "Mefistofele," is said to follow Shakespeare's lines very closely, and is represented as much above the ordinary level of such works. It would appear that the title of the opera has not yet been settled. For a long time it was talked about under the name of "Iago;" now it would seem that Verdi inclines to retain the name of "Othello." One of Rossini's most esteemed operas bears this name.

THE coming musical season at Berlin promises to be very interesting. The Philharmonic Society will devote three of its concerts to choral music, the works promised being Brahms's "Schicksalslied," Weber's "Kampf und being Brahms's "Schicksalshed," Weber's "Kampf und Sieg" (a most interesting revival), Berlioz's "Faust," and Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony. Among important works announced for other concerts are Berlioz's "Harold" Symphony and his Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, and a performance of the "Rheingold" to be given by the Wagner Verein.

Dr. Hans von Bolow is about to give a cycle of four Beethoven recitals at various towns in Germany during the coming season, the programmes of which are interesting enough to deserve quotation. First evening: Sonatas, Op. 2, No. 2, and Op. 10, No. 2; Yariations on a Russian Dance (in A major); Sonatas, Op. 13, and Op. 14, Nos. 1 and 2; Variations, Op. 34; and Sonata, Second evening: Sonatas, Op. 27, Nos. 1 and Op. 28. Second evening: Sonatas, Op. 27, Nos. I and 2; Variations and Fugue, Op. 35; Sonatas, Op. 31, Nos. I and 2; and Thirty-two Variations in C minor. Third evening: Sonatas, Ops. 57, 78 and 81; Fantasie, Op. 77; and Sonatas, Ops. 109, 110, and 111. Fourth evening: Sonatas, Ops. 101 and 106; Thirty-three Variations, Op. 120; and Rondo a Capriccio, Op. 129. Such a series of programmes is probably quite as exacting as that with which Rubinstein astonished the musical world last season. musical world last season.

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From Butcher to Baton.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HERR DVORAK.

OU want me to tell you something about myself," said Herr Dvorák to the Pall Mall representative, "and of my work and career? First of all, then, let me tell you that I am the son of a butcher and innkeeper, which two occupations generally go together with us in Bohemia. I was born in 1841 in a small village called Nelahozeves, near Prague where I spent my childhood. When about ten years old I began to play the violin, without any instructions or without even the most elementary knowledge of music. It is the custom in my country that children, when they are about eleven or twelve years old, are sent to a German-speaking town or village, where they learn to speak German; while German parents send their children into the Czech villages to learn our language, for it is impossible to get on in Bohemia without either of the The village to which I was sent is called Zlonic, and it was there where I received my first instruction in pianoforte playing. It was not much, but it enabled me on returning home to play my fiddle among the bands of musicians who play in the streets and public-houses. This I did for a long time, till the time came for me to choose whether I would be a butcher or a musician; and, though my parents were very poor, I decided to leave butchering alone and devote myself to music. Prospects I had none whatever; I knew my notes, and that was all; but I kept to my colleagues, playing valses and polkas for a few kreutzers all the evening, sometimes, when there was a village fair or other festivity, till the next morning. One day it struck me that I might compose a new dance, and accordingly I sat down and wrote and wrote till it was finished, when, with great satisfaction, I went to my colleagues, and the performance of my first composition took place. The results were disastrous, for, innocent of any idea that the music ought to be written differently for different instruments, I gave the same sheet to one and all, and, oh, heavens! the shrieking discord! For some time I did not offer any more of my productions to the public, but I puzzled and puzzled over the reason for this failure of my work. Meanwhile the time came when I ought to have become a soldier, which, however, never came to pass, because I was not strong enough. My father, seeing that I really had some talent, now sent me to Prague, and it was then that I heard the names of any great composer for the first time. At Prague I also went to the Opera for the first time in my life, and listened to Weber's 'Freischütz' from the gallery. My daily work was still to play in a band, sometimes in a soldier's uniform when the occasion was particularly grand. I made now enough money to hire a piano by the month, and I gave a few lessons in piano playing, using all my spare time to write enormous volumes of original composition, all of which I have now long ago destroyed. I was still puzzling over the secret of the unsuccess of my first composition, but light was dawning, and I began to see. So the years went by. In '73 I married, and still I was nothing but a poor, obscure musician. Then, in '74, I went in for a competition for a musical scholarship at Vienna, and my manuscript gained £40. Next year I tried again, and got £50; the year after £60; but the 'Stabat Mater' which I sent was not even noticed, and beyond sending the prize to me, nobody took any further notice. At home in my own circles I was by this time pretty well known as the composer of a Bohemian Patriotic Hymn, but not till '78 had my name been heard in the musical world as a composer. At that time my Moravian duets were published at Berlin by the well-known firm of Simrock, and there appeared in the feuilleton of the National Zeitung an account of them, written by Professor Ehlert, the ablest critic in Germany at the time, which not only brought me a good deal of money, but after a day or two a multitude of letters from publishers in all parts of Germany and Austria, asking me to write for them. Since then I have been working on; my dances, songs, and symphonies have found a public, and among my larger works the 'Stabat Mater' and the 'König und Köhler' are perhaps the most popular."

"Now, Herr Dvorák, to come back to your own work. If it is not an indiscreet question, I should like to ask you how you compose?" With a good-natured smile

and a humorous twinkle in his eyes, Herr Dvorák said: "That is rather a difficult question to answer. was young I composed very quickly indeed; I had a real fury for writing, and I cared not what they were like as long as I could only get my ideas on paper. In time, however, I have learned to be more careful, and at present, after I get a new idea, I try to get it clear in my own mind before I write anything at all. I play it over twenty, thirty, nay, a hundred times, till I have got exactly what I want. After that the writing does not take long, and what has been in my mind for some months is on paper in about a week, or even less.

"And your new oratorio, is it the first time that it will be performed at Leeds, and what is the subject of it?"

"Yes, it has never been performed before. The subject is a poem by a young Bohemian poet, Yaroslav Vrchlicky, o, though not yet thirty years old, is already a eminent man, whom at home they have called a second Byron. The subject is the conversion of the Bol to Christianity by one Ivan, who caused Ludmila to become a Christian, while she, in her turn, persuaded her countrymen to adopt the new faith."

"And what is your opinion of the English as a musical nation? Are they so utterly devoid of a sense for music

as is generally assumed?'

"Of this I am only an imperfect judge, but as far as my experience of English audiences goes I can only say that people who had not a good deal of love for music in them would hardly sit for four hours closely following an oratorio from beginning to end, and evidently enjoy doing it. As to their being good musicians, I judge the by the orchestras who have played my compositions under my own direction, and it has struck me every time. With regard to music, it is with the English as it is with the Slavs in politics—they are young, very young, but there is great hope for the future. Twenty years ago we Slavs were nothing; now we feel our national life once more awakening, and who knows but that the glorious times may come back which five centuries ago were ours, when all Europe looked up to the powerful Czechs, the Slavs, the Bohemians, to whom I, too, belong, and to whom I am proud to belong?'

The words of the magnificent chorus at the end of

St. Ludmila "-

Thou that rulest all creation, Guide of every faithful nation, Open Thou Thy willing hand: Guard Thy true Bohemian land-

came into my mind as the torrent of eloquent patriotism burst forth, and I took leave of the man who by his music has done much to bring the "true Bohemian land" once more into honour.

A New English Somic Opera.

MONG the minor signs of the revival of music in this country may be instanced the popularity of performances of comic opera both in London and in the provinces. Ten years ago a tour during which one single comic opera was given nightly veral months in various towns was practically unheard of. It need hardly be said how changed the case is at the present time. "Les Cloches de Corneville," "La Mascotte," "Rip van Winkle," "Falka," owe a large part of their success to this cause.

But of most of these comic operas it may be said that hey were essentially of foreign manufacture, both as to libretto and music. And there is something comforting to our British pride in the discovery that progress is being made in this respect, and that the merits of home produc-

tions are now at last obtaining recognition. The success of "Rhoda," a new comic opera already received with decided favour in the provinces, is anoth proof of this. The libretto is from the pen of Mr. Walter Parke, already known for his clever verses, "Lays of a London Hermit" and his part in "Les Manteaux Noirs," collaborated with Mr. Harry Paulton. The story of "Rhoda" is really amusing, and (a rare thing to say of any operatic libretto) would be effective on the stage even without the music. The scene is at Pavana, in South America. The rival candidates for the office of may who are haranguing the crowd are first introduced, and

then follow some lively choruses, with much droll acting on the part of Peter Bosco, the finally elected one. A travelling showman, Ventro, arrives in the town, and there is a remarkably pretty duet between him and Teresa, the heroine's waiting-maid, "When you and I are mated." The reprobate of the piece, Don Carlos Valdes, and his uncle, Baron Poncho, then appear. Don Carlos has some desperate designs upon a rich heiress, Rhoda, although is aware of her love for the attractive tenor, Adolphe Martel. The villain is himself by no means of repulsive aspect or manner, and he sings with Rhoda on he appearance a very pretty duet, with, of course, the usual reference to his burning passion. Martel also comes on before long, and he too has his sentimental solo. But escape is soon made from these commonplaces of comic opera. Don Carlos meets the showman, and, hearing that Ventro possesses a cleverly constructed automaton figure of a lady, he determines to make use of this to separ the lovers. He has found, from a purloined letter, that they are to meet in the park that night. Teresa is prevailed on by the showman to procure Rhoda's dress and mantilla, and it is so contrived that when Rhoda appears on the scene Martel is found kneeling in the dim twilight before a figure to all appearance that of his lady love. But he quickly discovers his mistake when Rhoda fires a pistol at her supposed rival-general confusion follows, and the act winds up with a most tuneful and spirited chorus, "Some great crime has been committed," by the citizens and guards. The second act is mainly devoted to a trial scene, in which Martel is accused of murdering some "person or persons unknown." There is a good deal of extravagant fun in this scene, but the situation is by no means novel, and the best thing in the act is an elaborate quartet and chorus at the close, "Merciful Heaven," designed on the scale of grand opera, and both me and powerful. In the last act the tables are clevely turned on the conspirators. Rhoda agrees to a hasty marriage with Don Carlos, but this time the automa has been secured to represent her at the cerem she and Adolphe Martel are being married elsewhere, Then comes the general eclaircissement, it being found out that there was no murder at all, and with some remark ably pretty wedding music the opera terminates. There is in this act a song for Teresa, "Love is like a Summer's Day," with a dance, which has everywhere been received with the greatest favour. Of the principal actors it need only be said that Miss Kate Chard and Miss Oliver, Mr. Deane Brand, Mr. Henry Walsham, and Mr. Kenny, one and all did excellent good service. The music, by Mr. Antonio Mora, who, though of Italian birth, has been long resident in England, is throughout lively and sparkling, and, if at times betraying reminiscences of other co posers, it has yet sufficient character of its own, and is full of such irresistible spirit and entrain, that the listener forgets to question very strictly "Have I heard this before?"



Dianoforte-Bymnastics.

By BERNARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music, R.A.M. Leipsic and Berlin.

MANNER OF PRACTICE.

THIS is my advice:

1. Stiffen the hand, drawing all joints back, so to say, making claws of the fingers (curving them).

2. Put four fingers noiselessly on four notes (semibreves)

then press them as forcibly as possible on the keys, so that hey are bound to be perfectly still and motionless

3. Then lift slowly the fifth remaining finger as high as possible, strike the note assigned to it and draw the finger possible, strike the note assigned to it and draw the mig-completely off the key. None of the other fingers ought to move during this operation. This exercise must be done slowly to be of any good. If done quickly, it merely tire and weakens the fingers. If the finger is not lifted or drawn off after striking, the exercise will be nearly useles. Both hands must practice by turns, so that one hand rests while the other plays.

To control the perfect quietness of the hand during this most important, fundamental exercise, it is advised to by a coin, say a penny, or even a pencil on the outer part of the hand. If either one or the other moves or co the player has practised wrongly and must begin again.

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If the third or second finger should prove uncontrollable, put one at a time or both out on the desk, while you prac-tice with one of the other fingers, and the three other fingers with a piece of strong tape, so that it cannot move. Shake the fingers after. fingers are lying quiet. Or tie up one of those refractory

III. TO TAKE THE STIFFNESS OUT OF THE ARMS, ELBOWS, AND WRISTS, WHILE PRACTISING.

a. Sit away as far as possible from the piano, so that you only just can cover the keys. Then play with the right hand eight times the scale of E flat on the two lowest octaves of the piano. After that play eight times the same scale with the left hand, on the two highest octaves of the piano.

MANNER OF PRACTISE.

Play it slowly, always looking at your fingers. Raise them as high as possible on the black keys, E, A, B, and lower them again on the white keys, the elbow going up and down all the while. I call this the "up-and-down" action. To test the effect of this exercise, seat yourself again as usual near to the piano, and play both scales in the ordinary manner, lightly and softly. If the elbow and wrist should still keep stiff, you must of course practise both scales over again, separately, in the above described manner of the "up-and-down" action, sitting about a yard away from the piano.

b. Play eight times with thumb and fourth finger

the lowest and highest note of the pianoforte, first with the right hand only, then with the left. Do it sixteen times slowly, so as not to make a mistake. Then try to do it quickly, with a swift action of the whole arm, making it sweep over the keys.

c. Practise octaves.

1. A single octave on two black keys, say D5.
2. Ditto, on two white keys, say B\$\mu_1\$, about sixteen time, till you can do them clearly, in the following manner: the hand must sweep quickly right round, so that the palm is laid open. It must, during this action, be drawn right away from the keyboard.

3. Study this touch on a scale of octaves and other octave-passages, contained in exercise-books and the pieces which you may be practising at the time. Splendid exercises are to be found in Moscheles' Studies, Op. 70, Book I., and in Kullak's work on octaves.

ANOTHER MANNER.

Lightly drop (about twenty-four times) either hand on an octave. This action must be practised with a perfectly loose wrist. (Dropping action.)

THIRD MANNER.

Draw the hand quickly away from the keyboard, in a straight line towards the body.

N.B.—All these exercises must be done with great energy and also very quickly (with each hand separately), as an exception to the rule, that all things are best studied in slow time, because practising quickly only leads to mistakes, which it is almost impossible later on to rectify.

(To be continued.)

Musical Rotes and Rews.

It is reported that a number of the visitors to the Leeds Musical Festival were deprived of their purses by pickpockets during the . . .

The death is announced of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, founder and conductor of the once famous Amateur Orchestra known as the "Wandering Minstrels."

THE Wolverhampton Festival Society have decided on a Festival next year. Dr. Swinnerton Heap's "Maid of Astolat" is to be one of the works, and Madame Valleria is already engaged.

... In November next Mr. Sims Reeves is going to play his old character of Captain Macheath at special matiness at the Avenue Iheatre. The veteran tenor is also contemplating a reappearance in Dibden's burietta of "The Waterman."

... Ar his famous Manchester concerts, Mr. Charles Hallé promis Dronk's second and Brahms' fourth symphonics, Hüber's "Summ Night," and novelties (to Manchester) by Smetana, Goldmar Rubenstein, St. Saëns, &c.

A DISGRACEFUL and humiliating scene occurred at the grand ballad concert given at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, on the 12th ult. After taking part with Mme, Sterling and Miss Nunn,

in Leslie's pretty trio, "O Memory," Mr. Sims Reeves sang "The Bay of Biscay," rousing a tumult of applause by his graphic and picturesque rendering. ...

Mr. Reeves, says the Liverpool Daily Post, "returned to the platform two or three times to bow his acknowledgments and to allay the noise so that the concert might proceed. A portion of the audience, however, persisted in their noisy clamour for another encore, whereupon Mr. Reeves led on to the platform Miss Nunn, who was down for the next song, and smilingly retired, having made it perfectly apparent that he did not propose to sing again. A portion of the audience then broke out into an eruption of positive vulgarity and rudeness. They would not allow the lady to begin her song, but kept up their rude clamour in a way positively insulting a sufficiently long time the lady was very properly withdrawa from the platform, and Mr. Nicholson advanced to play the final piece. The noisy part of the audience renewed their clamour, and the last piece was gone through in dumb show."

WE can only hope this discreditable incident may prove another nail in the coffin of the detestable encore nuisance, which at concerts of this discription reaches proportions absolutely portentous.

On the 11th ult, the Town Council, of Leamington decided to allow a volunteer band to play sacred music on Sunday afternoons in the New River Walk, a fashionable promenade extending half a mile along the banks of the Leam. The mayor, who is deacon of the principal Congregational Chapel, strongly opposed the project, but he had only two supporters, and there was a majority in favour of sixteen.

Some years ago most of the orchestral parts were accidentally discovered at Dresden of a lost symphony by Wagner. From those parts the lost score was reconstructed, and the work has been several times publicly performed. Withelm Tappert announces in the latest number of the Musikalische Wochenblatt that the draft of a symphony in E major by Wagner has been found in the Wahnfried archives at Bayreuth. It was composed in 1834, when he was musical director at Magdeburg.

Truth states:—"It has been arranged that there is to be a Public Thanksgiving in Westminister Abbey on the afternoon of Monday, June 20, 1887, the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's accession. The order of the service has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably include a couple of Handel's grand anthems, and a short sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury. All the details are to be submitted to the Queen for her approval before anything is settled."

THE three symphonies selected for the Richter Concerts on the 23rd and 30th ult. and 9th inst. are Beethoven's "Eroica" and "Choral," and the new symphony (No. 4) of Brahms, which was heard only once last summer. Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, which will begin on the 17th inst., are a new enterprise. The schemes will include an overture, a concerto, and a symphony, with lighter music to follow. One of the novelties will be a pianoforte concerto by Hans Hüber, to be played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

The prospectus of the season of the Glasgow Choral Union announces the intention of giving thirteen concerts, four choral and nine orchestral. Mr. August Manns, of the Crystal Palace, will be the conductor, as in former years, and the band under his command will be of the highest excellence and completeness. Beethoven's nine symphonies, in order of production, will be given, as well as a number of interesting instrumental works. The music for the choral concerts will include Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Stanford's "Revenge."

THE success of the Promenade Concerts having rendered it impossible for Signor Lago to give his contemplated season of Italian opera this autumn, he now announces his second season for next spring. If he still abstains from engaging prime donne at £500 a night, and if with the money thus saved he arranges to produce Verdi's new opera, with Gayarré and Maurel in the two leading male parts, and with Mdme. Albani in the part of Desdemona, he may count beforehand on a prosperous season. Maurel, who, with Gayarré and Mdme. Albani, belonged to Signor Lago's company last season, has been specially selected by Verdi for the character of Iago.

MR. CARL Rosa intends that "Lohengrin" shall be the great feature of his provincial and London season. Mme. Marie Roze will be the exponent of the part of Elsa; Mr. Edward Scovell will be the Lohengrin. At a recent performance by the Carl Rosa Company at the Princes's Theatre, Bristol, Mme. Marie Roze, who had not sung the part before, surprised even her warmest admirers by an exceedingly poetic reading of Elsa. Mr. Scovell, as Lohengrin, entered thoroughly into the master's ideas, looking the part to perfection, his phrasing and clear enunciation of Jackson's excellent English version adding greatly to the success of the performance. The whole representation elicited the greatest enthusiasm. ...

THERR have been some changes recently in the musical direction of the Covent Garden concerts, where the conductorship is now shared by Mr. Gwyllym Crowe and Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. Handel's "Messiah" has been given before a shilling audience, with Mme. Valleria, Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Signor Foli as soloists, with Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott's choir and Mr. Crowe's orchestra. Among the singers who have lately appeared at Covent Garden mention must be made

of Miss Luranah Aldridge, a débutante with a full and powerful contralto voice, who sang with genuine expression Leonora's grand air in "La Favorita," "O mio Fernando," and Siebel's second air in "Faust," "Quando a tc."

MR. DAVID KENNEY, the well-known Scottish vocalist, died on the 11th ult, at Stratford, Ontario, Canada, where he was on a tour. The cause of death was an attack of dysentery. The deceased, with his wife and four daughters, left this country in June last with the intention of spending a year in the Dominion and the United States. He was born in Perth in 1825, and for several years he followed the occupation of a house painter. While still a young man he went to Edinburgh, where he became a teacher of music, and was appointed precentor at Nicolson Street United Presbyterian Church. He made his first public appearance as a singer about thirty years ago. Edinous, The Present of the Country and in the colonies. He had been several times in America, as well as in the colonies. He had been several times in America, as well as in the colonies. We had been several times in America, as well as in Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and India. He had a son and two daughters, who lost their lives in the great fire which took place during an operatic performance at Nice in 1881.

The chief fixtures have now been made by the leading choirs of the metropolis. The season will be led off on the 2,th at Novello's Concerts, where Dvorák will conduct, for the first time in London, his oratorio "St. Ludmila." On November 6 the work will be repeated at the Crystal Palace. Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct, for the first time in London, his "Golden Legend," at the Albert Hall, on November 15. The Albert Hall Choir will this season revive Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" (which Mr. Mapleson produced here about sixteen years ago, with Titiens and the veteran Alboni in the chief parts), and will also give two Salurday matinées. At Novello's Concert on November 23 Sir Arthur will also conduct "The Golden Legend," and he will likewise direct a performance at the Crystal Palace on December 4. At Novello's on December 14 Mr. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid" will be produced, and (with Dr. Stanford's "Revenge") it will be given in February at the Crystal Palace. "Redemption" will be done at the Albert Hall, "Mors et Vita" at Novello's, and Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ" at the Crystal Palace. The Sacred Harmonic Society announce Costa's "Eli" and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt, "besides the stock works. No arrangements seem yet to be made for the production of Mr. Corder's "Bridal of Triermain," but Mr. Cowen's melodious "Sleeping Beauty," and also Spohr's "Calvary" and Liszt's "Thirteenth Psalm" will be heard at Novello's Concerts.

It is possible that Dr. von Bülow will come for some Beethoven recitals, and that Mme. Sophie Menter may also pay us a visit. Mme. Mehlig (now married, and playing under the double-barrelled name of Falk-Mehlig), Mdlle. Kleeberg, Herr Barth, Herr Stavenhagen, Mr. Lamond, and lesser lights are promised, and Mme. Essipoff will be here in January.

Music in Grefand.

UBLINERS have surely no cause to grumble for the want of opera this season. The Carl Rosa Company gave us five weeks of those admirable performances which have been the means of placing this splendid company above all others of the present day. There were no absolute movelities in the list, but such operas as "La Sonnamid they are only written this year.

Mme, Blanche Cole was very welcome; fter an absence of so many years, and the two new tenors, Mr. Payne Clarke and Mr. Seymour Jackson, pleased us extremely well. We miss Miss Yorke, Mr. Snazelle, and Mr. Turner very much indeed; and we may remark that the chorus had a great want of freshness, and the band was decidedly unsteady.

When will the very inartistic habit of smiling and bowing to the audience, on the part of the principals, cease? It grates most wofully against any one who is possessed of an idea of propriety.

Mr. Mapleson gave us a twelve-night season of Italian opera, of which we can only speak in terms of unqualified praise. Band, chorus, and principals were all but perfect.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Signor Arditi, was the best that has been heard in Dublin for many years, and the same may be said of the chorus. Mesdames Fohstrom, Donadio, Nordica, Dotti, Hastreiter, and Marie Engle, together with Signori Runcio, Frappoli, Del Puente, Foli, Padella, and Ciampi, all won high artistic triumphs. The enterprise was shamefully supported, on many occasions the theatre being barely half full. The operas produced were "Faust," "Mignon," "Il Barbiere," "La Favorita," "Sonuambula," "Don Giovanni," "Traviata," and "Rigoletto." "Lohengrin" was promised to us, but was withdrawn on a day's notice.

"Lohengrin" was promised to us, but was withdrawn on a day's notice.

Mr. Turner's English Opera Company paid us a twelve-night visit also. This enterprise bids fair, if it is not already so, to become one of the leading companies of the kingdom. With the eminent tenor, Mr. Turner, at its head, it is sure of success. We meet with such familiar names as Josephine Yorke and Ben Davies in its list of artistes.

We must not omit mentioning the great success of Mr. Albert McGuckin (brother of the great tenor of that name). He has scored several "hits" here. His Mephistopheles, Devishoof, and Beppo place him in the front rank as a buffo-basso; with the exception of Mr. Snazelle and Signor Foli, he undoubtedly is the first English buffo-basso of the day.

This company has produced, amongst other operas, "La Dame Blanche" and "Fra Diavolo" with great **etat*.

We are promised a perfect overwhelming with concerts. The opening of the new Concert Hall, with Mme. Adelina Patti as the great attraction, will take place early next month; Mr. Sullivan's "Pops" at the end of the month, for which already Mesdames Mary Davies, Agnes Jarnsea, Marie de Lido, Enriquez, Messra, Mary Davies, Agnes Jarnsea, Marie de Lido, Enriquez, Messra, Chilley, Beaumont, Signori Papini and Espositi, Herren Eckener, Lauer, Bluthner, and Rudersdoff, also Miss Anna Lang, have been engaged.

The Belfast Philharmonic Society have issued their prospectus.

The Belfast Philharmonic Society have issued their prospectus,
The Belfast Philharmonic Society have issued their prospectus,
which promises Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," "The Messiah," Cowen's
"Sleeping Beauty," and several miscellaneous concerts. Conductor,
"Sleeping Beauty," and several miscellaneous concerts. Conductor,
Herr Beyschlag; pinicipals, Mme. Albani, Miss Hope Glenn, Miss
Robertson, Mme. Sterling, Signori Papini and Bottesini, &c. &c.

Questions and Andwerd.

MOLLY.-Tausig is not living; Deppe is. Why do you

CHOPIN.-Read Mr. Althaus' remarks on pianoforte gymnastics. Continued practice will strengthen your fingers, and after a time they will not tire so quickly. Rubbing in the oil will do no harm; it is questionable, however, if good resulting will compensate for the trouble.

C, W. MAGNAN (KINGSTON, JAMAICA).—Thanks, "Helen," for kind help in procuring "The Wandering Wind." It is not within our province to advise respecting music printing outfit. Messrs. Caslon & Co., or Miller & Richards, London, might help you,

AMERICAN ORGAN.-Volume I. is out of print. We are glad to hear of what you are doing. Our best thanks are given for your kind efforts. Organ Music will not be forgotten.

JOHN GRAY.-We are afraid your musical education has been neglected. Were you a good instrumentalist you would find many beautiful passages in the "rubbish."

A. COOK.—A very good engraving of "Beethoven in his

from a painting exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1883, by Carl Schlouser, is published by the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street.

AND SQUARE.-Nos. 14 to 24, inclusive, Volume II., MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, may be obtained from the publisher.

KATE H. DUNCAN AND A. D. B. - Mme. Sidney Gratten, 22A, Dorset Street, Portman Square, is the principal publisher of guitar music in London. Mauro Giuliani, Legnani, Kreutzer, Niiske, Regondi, Leonard Schulz, and Berlioz have written music for the guitar.

ORPHEUS.-Look in your Dictionary for the meaning of the word classic. The Cathedral at Riga contains the largest organ in the world. Weber, "Vā-ber;" Haydn,

LUCY A. NIXON.-Your paper has been admitted to the competition. Thanks for good wishes.

JOHN RAWCLIFFE. -- Your suggestion will be adopted. MAUDE HEYWOOD.-Write to the Royal College of

Music for prospectus of examination.

F. Wexford.—Mikado, "Mi-kä-dō;" Bach, "Bāch;"
Schumann, "Scu-mānn;" Nadeshda, "Na-desh'dā." The marked vowels are pronounced as in far, note, fate.

ENOCH.—Sketch can be returned by your sending stamps for postage, See answer to Kate H. Duncan.

GEORGE HOWORTH. Qualification to place R.A.M. after name: A certificate from the Principal of the Royal College of Music, stating that the student has pursued his musical studies to the satisfaction of the several professors under whom he has been placed, and that he is now, in

their opinion, duly qualified to teach.

LOUISE PARKER.—A knowledge of harmony, at least as far as the dominant seventh, is necessary before the study of counterpoint. Counterpoint has particular reference to the strict style of composition, or that of the old masters, and harmony deals with the modern free style of composition.

W. B.—There is a very good Primer, by Dr. Stainer, published by Novello, Ewer & Co. H. C. Banister's book on music is more advanced, and is used as the textbook for the Cambridge examinations.

ENYER (GHENT).—The flattened fifth of the scale is never written as belonging to the key; but the note is often played as a chromatic note, and found also in the chromatic chord on the supertonic, followed of course by harmonies belong ing to the original key. This answers both your questions, as we understand them. We are not clear as to your meaning of the scale Gbb, ending with A Gbb would involve ignature of thirteen flats!

TROVATORE,-What a strange way you have of "tackling" us! We think you have great need to "wipe your pen" again. (1) When you play equally well with the pianist mentioned, you can take that mazurka at your own time. Meantime, however, you cannot do better than follow Litolfi's marking. (2) If you don't believe Grove, neither will you the Editor. (3) See answer to A. Cook. Write Elliott & Fry and Alexander Bassano, photographers, London, for list of celebrities, Thank you for your cheerful commendation of the MAGAZINE and amusing confidences.

OUEEN MAB .- The trials of your life appear to be pressing upon you. Keep at your work, however:

"The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotic numbing pain,"

will have its own charm, and the pleasant intercourse with the old familiar instruments will keep you from dwelling on your sorrow.

ANTIQUARIAN.—Antony Wood states that the Oxford Music Schools under the Bodleian Library at one time possessed busts of King Alfred, Dr. W. Hayes, and H. Purcell, as well as portraits of W. Hine, Dr. Parsons, Solomon, and John Weldon. The busts are no longer in the school, but there are four unidentified portraits, which are possibly those

of the above-named musicians.

ZITHER.—Beethoven, Goethe, with hand over face, Schiller, looking up, and a celebrated painter in armchair, and poet leaning against door, names unknown. Groefle's picture is an ideal one, and has no historic value, though as a poetic conception it is greatly to be admired.

GEORGE'S NELLY.—Be careful to observe the crescendes and diminuendos equally in both hands, unless there is an indication to the contrary. The results of the dry practice you are going through will reward you for all your trouble, The results of the dry practice Not being prophets, we cannot say if your brother will become eminent as a composer. There are musical scholarships to be won at the Royal Academy of Music, and Trinity College, London.

MILLY .- You will find the exercise of Plaidy, Kalkbrenner,

and Czerny's "Daily Morning Practice" most useful.

EMMIL.—The soft pedal should only be used in rare instances. A soft distinct touch is hard to acquire, but you will find the stronger your fingers become the more control you will gain over them, and the better you will be able to play pianissimo. Indolent pianists invariably resort to the soft pedal when the music is marked piano; but this pedal should be reserved for those passages marked una orda, or in other unusual instances, at the discretion of the

ADMIRER OF THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.-With regard to your questions on expression, rhythm being the real life of music, must be imperatively preserved, and not mutilated by fanciful or sentimental changes at variance with the general character of the composition. When Thalberg played a melody (says Christiania) it stood out in bold dynamic relief, not because he pounded, but because he kept the accompaniment subdued; and when he accelerated, retarded, or embellished the melody, the accompaniment proceeded with steady, unwavering precision, unaffected by the emotion displayed in the solo parts. This method is far from being stiff and rigid; it is not only rational and musical, but beautiful and highly artistic.

BELLA.-You are evidently too weak to teach a class of fifty. Why not get some one to help you in your "labour of love?" The following is one of the best recipes for loss of voice:-Take white oak bark, boil until the strength is extracted, strain, add vinegar and cayenne pepper; the throat to be gargled frequently.

AN INQUIRER.—The regulations for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations are published separately, and may be obtained at the Oxford and Cambridge Warehouses, price 6d.; or at 6 Southampton Street, Strand. Music is included in all the Local Exams.

FRED KING.-Rossini's greatest contemporaries and suc cessors were Mercadante, Giovanni Pacini, Bellini, and

ST. CLAIR,-If you can play the harmonium, you would soon learn the organ stops; the playing of the pedals, however, requires a good deal of practice. Mutation stops in an organ are those registers which do not produce a sound agreeing with the name of the key pressed down, but either a perfect fifth or the major third to it, as G or E on the C

FIDDLER.-The shake should be produced slow, moderately fast, and quick-that is, with the two notes succeeding each other in those three degrees-adagio, andante, and presto. In playing, you have occasion for these different kinds of shakes, for the same shake will not serve with equal propriety for a slow movement as for a quick one; to acquire both at once with the same trouble begin with an open string (either the first or second will be equally useful); sustain the note in a swell, and begin the shake very slow, increasing in quickness by insensible degrees till it becomes rapid. (2) Beeswax is used by many.

BROWNIE.-After learning the major scales in sharps and

flats, learn the minor scales. ANK'S NELLIE.-It was Erasmus who said the English "challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, and keeping the best tables, and of being most accomplished in the skill of music, of any

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.

Complaints reach us of non-delivery of MAGAZINE. These chiefly arise from illegible or otherwise defective addresses, or from orders being enclosed with competition pieces. Orders should be sphartely addressed "MESSES, KENT & Co., 23 Paternaster Row, London, E.C."

ERRATA.—Owing to reduction in the size of the usic of Harmonium Voluntary given in last month's Music applement, dotted minims in bars 3, 19, 22 34, 43, 44, 49, 19, 7, and 137, appeared as dotted crocks also in the party of the bar clef, top B printed instead of top A,



In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition. The last day for sending in voting papers is November 25,



Musical Plebiscite. The attention of our readers is directed to the Musical Plebiscite, announced in another part of the MAGAZINE. We hope the project will be taken up heartily. Every purchaser of the August, September, and October numbers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will be entitled to take part in this competition, for which the prize is a seventy guinea Schiedmayer nent is in hands ano. The instru ne gold medal pi walnut case. We give herewith reduced photograph, showing interior. Competitors are not forbidden to take the inion of their friends. In order to enable subscribers residing in India and the Colonies to send in October Voting Papers, the date for receiving Voting Papers is extended to

Domn Tune Competition.

November 25.

A WATERBURY WATCH will be given to every one lers who sends the names of three best tunes in Hymns Ancient and Modern. The votes will be dealt with as in a plebiscite, in the same manner as in the "70 Guinea Piano Competition" announced in this number. A separate competition will be held each month for September, October, and November. Voting papers for November competition will be received up to December 1. Readers may take part in each one of these competitions, but no one will receive a second prize. The Winners of Competition, closing on October 5, were Alfred Ibeson, 19 Portland Street, Huddersfield, and Maud Roberts, Sussex House, Grove Lane, Denmark Hill, London; to whom watches have been sent. No voling paper is given with this number, but ordinary writing paper may be used; the names of the tunes only should be given.

Allustrated Christmas Carol.

The Five Guinea Musical Box has been awarded to W. J. Urquhart, 3 West Street, Leicester, whose illustrated Christmas Carol, "Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ," has been selected by the adjudicators as the best original drawing Honourable mention is also given to Mr. P. McGrechan, 85 Black Street, Airdrie, Lanarkshi his illustration of an old carol, "The Boar's Head." carol is interesting, having first appeared in a collection printed in the year 1851. It is with pleasure we note a marked advance on previous Competitions in the average artistic excellence of the drawings sent in for this Competi-

Gems from the Masters.

One Guinea has been awarded to Miss Annie Lea. 14 Wöhlerstrasse, Frankfurt-an-Main, Germany, for the six best selections from Beethoven as follows :-

Difficult Pieces.

Adagio Concerto in E flat, Op. 73-Adagio Sonata (Moonlight), Op. 27, No. 2. First Movement Sonata, Op. 53.

Easy Pieces. Andante from Sonata, Op. 79. First Movement Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2. Rondo in C, Op. 51, No. 1.

The conditions stated are subject to modifi last issue of this MAGAZINE prior to closing of Competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any comm from Competitors. Letters from Competitors asking the results of Competitions constantly reach us. To all we must reply that such information is given only in these cold

The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

All pieces in Competition are to be marked outside with the title of Competition, and bear name of Competitor, or nom de plume. Address, Competition Editor, 60 04 Bailey, London, E.C.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC SUPPLEMENT. NOVEMBER 1886



DR WILLIAM SPARK.
ORGANIST, LEEDS TOWN HALL.

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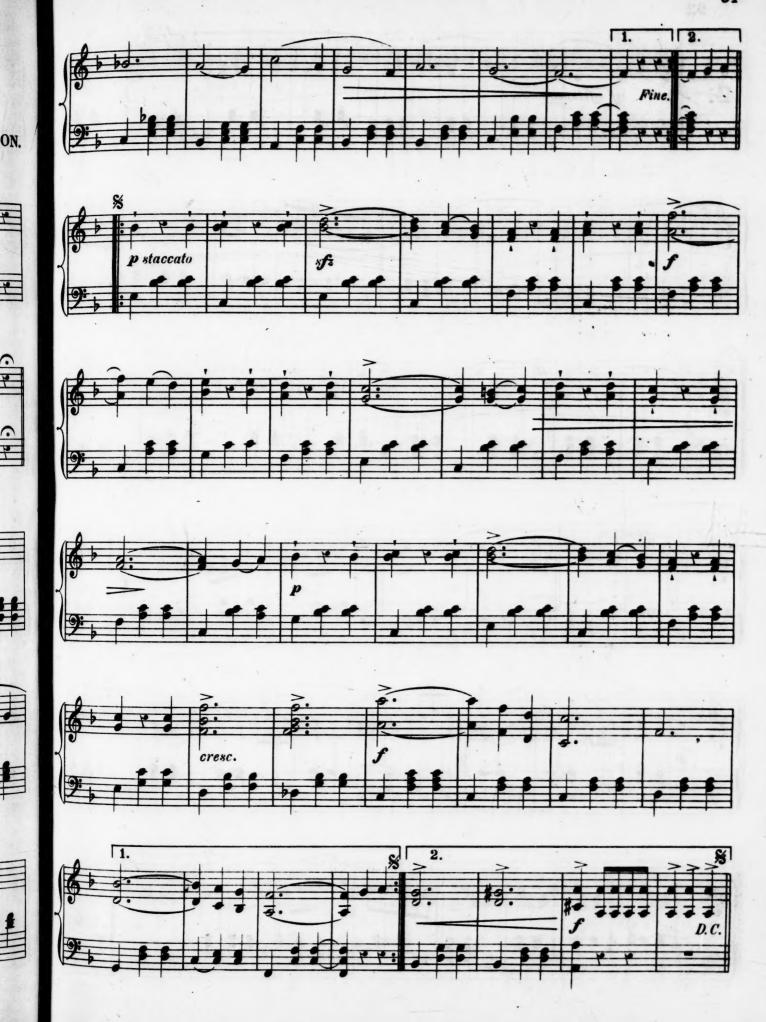
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SLOW VOLUNTARY FOR HARMONIUM.

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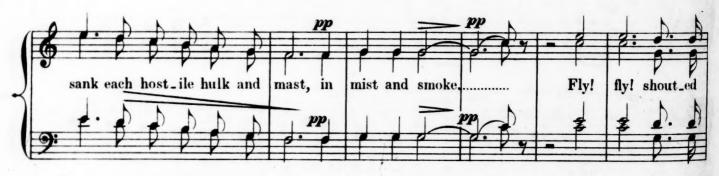
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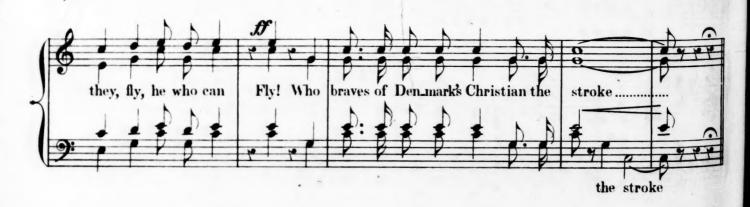
(S. A. T. B.)

W. HOUSTON COLLISSON. Mus. B. T.C. D.













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